

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1868.

## The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly.

### CHAPTER XLVIII.

#### "A TELEGRAM."



HIS is a very eventful day for me, George," said Augustus, as they strolled through the garden after breakfast. "The trial was fixed for the 13th, and to-day is the 14th; I suppose the verdict will be given to-day."

"But you have really no doubt of the result? I mean, no more than anxiety on so momentous a matter must suggest?"

"Pardon me. I have grave doubts. There was such a marriage, as is alleged, formed by my grandfather; a marriage in every respect legal. They may not have the same means of proving that which we have; but we know it. There was a son born to that marriage. We have the letter of

old Lami, asking my grandfather to come over to Bruges for the christening, and we have the receipt of Hodges and Smart, the jewellers, for a silver gilt ewer and cup which were engraved with the Bramleigh crest and cypher, and despatched to Belgium as a present; for my grandfather did not go himself, pretexting something or other, which evidently gave offence; for Lami's next letter declares that the present has been returned, and

expresses a haughty indignation at my grandfather's conduct. I can vouch for all this. It was a sad morning when I first saw those papers; but I did see them, George, and they exist still. That son of my grandfather's they declare to have married, and his son is this Pracontal. There is the whole story, and if the latter part of the narrative be only as truthful as I believe the first to be, he, and not I, is the rightful owner of Castello."

L'Estrange made no reply; he was slowly going over in his mind the chain of connection, and examining, link by link, how it held together.

"But why," asked he at length, "was not this claim preferred before? Why did a whole generation suffer it to lie dormant?"

"That is easily—too easily explained. Lami was compromised in almost every country in Europe; and his son succeeded him in his love of plot and conspiracy. Letters occasionally reached my father from this latter; some of them demanding money in a tone of actual menace. A confidential clerk, who knew all my father's secrets, and whom he trusted most implicitly, became one day a defaulter and absconded, carrying with him a quantity of private papers, some of which were letters written by my father, and containing remittances which Montagu Lami—or Louis Langrange, or whatever other name he bore—of course, never received, and indignantly declared he believed had never been despatched. This clerk, whose name was Hesketh, made Lami's acquaintance in South America, and evidently encouraged him to prefer his claim with greater assurance, and led him to suppose that any terms he preferred must certainly be complied with! But I cannot go on, George; the thought of my poor father struggling through life in this dark conflict rises up before me, and now I estimate the terrible alternation of hope and fear in which he must have lived, and how despairingly he must have thought of a future, when this deep game should be left to such weak hands as mine. I thought they were cruel words once in which he spoke of my unfitness to meet a great emergency,—but now I read them very differently."

"Then do you really think he regarded this claim as rightful and just?"

"I cannot tell that; at moments I have leaned to this impression; but many things dispose me to believe that he saw or suspected some flaw that invalidated the claim, but still induced him to silence the pretension by hush money."

"And you yourself——"

"Don't ask me, my dear friend;—do not ask me the question I see is on your lips. I have no courage to confess, even to you, through how many moods I pass every day I live. At moments I hope and firmly believe I rise above every low and interested sentiment, and determine I will do as I would be done by;—I will go through this trial as though it were a matter apart from me, and in which truth and justice were my only objects. There are hours in which I feel equal to any sacrifice, and could say to this man:—There! take it; take all we have in the world. We have no right to be here; we are beggars and outcasts. And then—I can't tell how or

why—it actually seems as if there was a real Tempter in one's nature, lying in wait for the moment of doubt and hesitation; but suddenly, quick as a flash of lightning, a thought would dart across my mind, and I would begin to canvass this and question that; not fairly, not honestly, mark you, but casuistically and cunningly; and worse, far worse than all this,—actually hoping that, no matter on which side lay the right, that *we* should come out victorious."

"But have you not prejudiced your case by precipitancy? They tell me that you have given the others immense advantage by your openly declared doubts as to your title."

"That is possible. I will not deny that I may have acted imprudently. The compromise to which I at first agreed struck me, on reflection, as so ignoble and dishonourable, that I rushed just as rashly into the opposite extreme. I felt, in fact, George, as though I owed this man a reparation for having ever thought of stifling his claim; and I carried this sentiment so far that Sedley asked me one day, in a scornful tone, what ill my family had done me I was so bent on ruining them? Oh, my dear friend, if it be a great relief to me to open my heart to you, it is with shame I confess that I cannot tell you truthfully how weak and unable I often feel to keep straight in the path I have assigned myself. How, when some doubt of this man's right shoots across me, I hail the hesitation like a blessing from heaven. What I would do; what I would endure that he could not show his claim to be true, I dare not own. I have tried to reverse our positions in my own mind, and imagine I was he; but I cannot pursue the thought, for whenever the dread final rises before me, and I picture to myself our ruin and destitution, I can but think of him as a deadly implacable enemy. This sacrifice, then, that I purposed to make with a pure spirit and a high honour, is too much for me. I have not courage for that I am doing;—but I'll do it still!"

L'Estrange did his utmost to rally him out of his depression, assuring him that, as the world went, few men would have attempted to do what he had determined on, and frankly owning, that in talking over the matter with Julia they were both disposed to regard his conduct as verging on Quixotism.

"And that is exactly the best thing people will say of it. I am lucky if they will even speak so favourably."

"What's this—a telegram?" cried L'Estrange, as the servant handed him one of those square-shaped missives, so charged with destiny that one really does not know whether to bless or curse the invention, which, annihilating space, brings us so quickly face to face with fortune.

"Read it, George; I cannot," muttered Bramleigh, as he stood against a tree for support.

"Ten o'clock. Court-house, Navan. Jury just come out—cannot agree to verdict—discharged. New trial. I write post.

"SEDLEY."

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"Thank heaven, there is at least a respite," said Bramleigh ; and he fell on the other's shoulder, and hid his face.

"Bear up, my poor fellow. You see that, at all events, nothing has happened up to this. Here are the girls coming. Let them not see you in such emotion."

"Come away, then ; come away. I can't meet them now ; or do you go and tell Nelly what this news is—she has seen the messenger, I'm sure."

L'Estrange met Nelly and Julia in the walk, while Augustus hastened away in another direction. "There has been no verdict. Sedley sends his message from the court-house this morning, and says the jury cannot agree, and there will be another trial."

"Is that bad or good news ?" asked Nelly, eagerly.

"I'd say good," replied he ; "at least, when I compare it with your brother's desponding tone this morning. I never saw him so low."

"Oh, he is almost always so of late. The coming here and the pleasure of meeting you rallied him for a moment, but I foresaw his depression would return. I declare it is the uncertainty, the never-ceasing terror of what next, is breaking him down ; and if the blow fell at once, you would see him behave courageously and nobly."

"He ought to get away from this as soon as possible," said L'Estrange. "He met several acquaintances yesterday in Rome, and they teased him to come to them, and worried him to tell where he was stopping. In his present humour he could not go into society, but he is ashamed to his own heart to admit it."

"Then why don't we go at once ?" cried Julia.

"There's nothing to detain us here," said L'Estrange, sorrowfully.

"Unless you mean to wait for my marriage," said Julia, laughing, "though, possibly, Sir Marcus may not give me another chance."

"Oh, Julia !"

"Oh, Julia ! Well, dearest, I do say shocking things, there's no doubt of it ; but when I've said them, I feel the subject off my conscience, and revert to it no more."

"At all events," said L'Estrange, after a moment of thought, "let us behave when we meet him as though this news was not bad. I know he will try to read in our faces what we think of it, and on every account it is better not to let him sink into depression."

The day passed over in that discomfort which a false position so inevitably imposes. The apparent calm was a torture, and the efforts at gaiety were but moments of actual pain. The sense of something impending was so poignant that at every stir—the opening of a door or the sound of a bell—there came over each a look of anxiety the most intense and eager. All their attempts at conversation were attended with a fear lest some unhappy expression, some ill-timed allusion might suggest the very thought they were struggling to suppress ; and it was with a feeling of relief they parted and said good-night, where, at other times, there had been only regret at separating.



Day after day passed in the same forced and false tranquillity, the preparations for the approaching journey being the only relief to the intense anxiety that weighed like a load on each. At length, on the fifth morning, there came a letter to Augustus in the well-known hand of Sedley, and he hastened to his room to read it. Some sharp passages there had been between them of late on the subject of the compromise, and Bramleigh, in a moment of forgetfulness and anger, even went so far as to threaten that he would have recourse to the law to determine whether his agent had or had not overstepped the bounds of his authority, and engaged in arrangements at total variance to all his wishes and instructions. A calm but somewhat indignant reply from Sedley, however, recalled Bramleigh to reconsider his words, and even ask pardon for them, and since that day their intercourse had been even more cordial and frank than ever. The present letter was very long, and quite plainly written, with a strong sense of the nature of him it was addressed to. For Sedley well knew the temper of the man—his moods of high resolve and his moments of discouragement—his desire to be equal to a great effort, and his terrible consciousness that his courage could not be relied on. The letter began thus :—

“ MY DEAR SIR,—

“ IF I cannot, as I hoped, announce a victory, I am able at least to say that we have not been defeated. The case was fairly and dispassionately stated, and probably an issue of like importance was never discussed with less of acrimony, or less of that captious and overreaching spirit which is too common in legal contests. This was so remarkable as to induce the Judge to comment on it in his charge, and declare that in all his experience on the bench he had never before witnessed anything so gratifying or so creditable alike to plaintiff and defendant.

“ Lawson led for the other side, and, I will own, made one of the best openings I ever listened to, disclaiming at once any wish to appeal to sympathies or excite feelings of pity for misfortunes carried on through three generations of blameless sufferers ; he simply directed the jury to follow him in the details of a brief and not very complicated story, every step of which he would confirm and establish by evidence.

“ The studious simplicity of his narrative was immense art, and though he carefully avoided even a word that could be called high-flown, he made the story of Montagu Bramleigh's courtship of the beautiful Italian girl one of the most touching episodes I ever listened to.

“ The marriage was, of course, the foundation of the whole claim, and he arrayed all his proofs of it with great skill. The recognition in your grandfather's letters, and the tone of affection in which they were written, his continual reference to her in his life, left little if any doubt on the minds of the jury, even though there was nothing formal or official to show that the ceremony of marriage had passed ; he reminded the jury that the defence would rely greatly on this fact, but the fact of a missing

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registry-book was neither so new nor so rare in this country as to create any astonishment, and when he offered proof that the church and the vestry-room had been sacked by the rebels in '98, the evidence seemed almost superfluous. The birth and baptism of the child he established thoroughly: and here he stood on strong grounds, for the infant was christened at Brussels by the Protestant Chaplain of the Legation at the Hague, and he produced a copy of the act of registry, stating the child to be son of Montagu Bramleigh, of Cossender Manor, and Grosvenor Square, London, and of Enrichetta his wife. Indeed, as Lawson declared, if these unhappy foreigners had ever even a glimmering suspicion that the just rights of this poor child were to be assailed and his inheritance denied him, they could not have taken more careful and cautious steps to secure his succession than the simple but excellent precautions they had adopted.

"The indignation of Lami at what he deemed the unfeeling and heartless conduct of Montagu Bramleigh—his cold reception of the news of his son's birth, and the careless tone in which he excused himself from going over to the christening—rose to such a pitch that he swore the boy should never bear his father's name, nor ever in any way be beholden to him, and 'this rash oath it was that has carried misery down to another generation, and involved in misfortune others not more blameless nor more truly to be pitied than he who now seeks redress at your hands.' This was the last sentence he uttered after speaking three hours, and obtaining a slight pause to recruit his strength.

"Issue of Montagu Bramleigh being proved, issue of that issue was also established, and your father's letters were given in evidence to show how he had treated with these claimants and given largely in money to suppress or silence their demands. Thos. Bolton, of the house of Parker and Bolton, bankers, Naples, proved the receipt of various sums from Montagu Bramleigh in favour of A. B. C., for so the claimant was designated, private confidential letters to Bolton showing that these initials were used to indicate one who went under many aliases, and needed every precaution to escape the police. Bolton proved the journal of Giacomo Lami, which he had often had in his own possession. In fact this witness damaged us more than all the rest; his station and position in life, and the mode in which he behaved under examination, having great effect on the jury, and affording Lawson a favourable opportunity of showing what confidence was felt in the claimant's pretensions by a man of wealth and character, even when the complications of political conspiracy had served to exhibit him as a dangerous adventurer.

"Waller's reply was able, but not equal to his best efforts. It is but fair to him, however, to state that he complained of our instructions, and declared that your determination not to urge anything on a point of law, nor tender opposition on grounds merely technical, left him almost powerless in the case. He devoted his attention almost entirely to dis-

prove the first marriage, that of Mr. B. with Enrichetta Lami; he declared that the relative rank of the parties considered, the situation in which they were placed towards each other, and all the probabilities of the case duly weighed, there was every reason to believe the connection was illicit. This view was greatly strengthened by Mr. B.'s subsequent conduct: his refusal to go over to the christening, and the utter indifference he displayed to the almost menacing tone of old Lami's letters; and when he indignantly asked the jury 'if a man were likely to treat in this manner his wife and the mother of his first-born, the heir to his vast fortune and estates?' there was a subdued murmur in the court that showed how strongly this point had told.

"He argued that when a case broke down at its very outset, it would be a mere trifling with the time of the court to go further to disprove circumstances based on a fallacy. As to the christening and the registration of baptism, what easier than for a woman to declare whatever she pleased as to the paternity of her child? It was true he was written son of Montagu Bramleigh; but when we once agree that there was no marriage, this declaration has no value. He barely touched on the correspondence and the transmission of money abroad, which he explained as the natural effort of a man of high station and character to suppress the notoriety of a youthful indiscretion. Political animosity had, at that period, taken a most injurious turn, and scandal was ransacked to afford means of attack on the reputations of public men.

"I barely give you the outline of his argument, but I will send you the printed account of the trial as soon as the shorthand writer shall have completed it for press. Baron Jocelyn's charge was, I must say, less in our favour than I had expected; and when he told the jury that the expressions of attachment and affection in Mr. B.'s letters, and the reiterated use of the phrase 'my dear, dear wife' demanded their serious consideration as to whether such words would have fallen from a man hampered by an illicit connection, and already speculating how to be free of it;—all this, put with great force and clearness, and a certain appeal to their sense of humanity, did us much disservice. The length of time he dwelt on this part of the case was so remarkable that I overheard a Q.C. say he had not known till then that his lordship was retained for the plaintiff.

"When he came to that part where allusion was made to the fact of the claimant being a foreigner, he made an eloquent and effective appeal to the character of English justice, which elicited a burst of applause in the court that took some seconds to repress; and this, I am told, was more owing to the popular sympathy with the politics of old Lami, and his connection with the rebellion of '98, than with any enthusiasm for his lordship's oratory.

"The jury were three hours in deliberation. I am confidentially informed that we had but five with, and seven against us; the verdict, as you know, was not agreed on. We shall go to trial in spring, I hope with Wallace to lead for us, for I am fully persuaded the flaw lies in the history

subsequent to the marriage of Mr. B., and that it was a mistake to let the issue turn on the event which had already enlisted the sympathies of the jury in its favour.

"In conclusion, I ought to say, that the plaintiff's friends regard the result as a victory, and the National press is strong in asserting that, if the Orange element had been eliminated from the jury-box, there is little doubt that Count Bramleigh—as they call him—would at that hour be dispensing the splendid hospitalities of a princely house to his county neighbours, and the still more gratifying benefits of a wide charity to the poor around him. Writing rapidly, as I do, I make no pretension to anything like an accurate history of the case. There are a vast variety of things to which I mean to direct your attention when a more favourable moment will permit. I will only now add, that your presence in England is urgently required, and that your return to Castello, to resume there the style of living that alike becomes the proprietor and the place, is, in the opinion of all your friends, much to be desired.

"Mr. Waller does not hesitate to say that your absence decided the case against you, and was heard to declare openly that 'he for one had no fancy to defend a cause for a man who voluntarily gave himself up as beaten.'

"May I entreat then you will make it your convenience to return here? I cannot exaggerate the ill effects of your absence, nor to what extent your enemies are enabled to use the circumstance to your discredit. Jurors are after all but men, taken from the common mass of those who read and talk over the public scandals of the hour, and all the cautions of the Bench never yet succeeded in making men forget, within the court-house, what they had for weeks before been discussing outside of it.

"At all events, do not dismiss my suggestion without some thought over it, or, better still, without consulting some friends in whose sense and intelligence you have confidence. I am, with many apologies for the liberty I have thus taken,

"Most faithfully, your servant,

"T. SEDLEY."

When Bramleigh had read this letter carefully over, he proceeded to Nelly's room, to let her hear its contents.

"It's not very cheery news," said he, "but it might be worse. Shall I read it for you, or will you read it yourself?"

"Read it, Gusty; I would rather hear it from you," said she, as she sat down, with her face to the window, and partially averted from him as he sat.

Not a word dropped from her while he read, and though once or twice he paused as if to invite a remark or a question, she never spoke, nor by a look or a gesture denoted how the tidings affected her.

"Well," asked he at last, "what do you say to it all?"

"It's worse,—I mean worse for us,—than I had ever suspected! Surely,

Gusty, *you* had no conception that their case had such apparent strength and solidity ? ”

“ I have thought so for many a day,” said he gloomily.

“ Thought that they, and not we——” she could not go on.

“ Just so, dearest,” said he, drawing his chair to her side, and laying his hand affectionately on her shoulder.

“ And do you believe that poor papa thought so ? ” said she, and her eyes now swam in tears.

A scarcely perceptible nod was all his answer.

“ Oh, Gusty, this is more misery than I was prepared for ! ” cried she, throwing herself on his shoulder. “ To think that all the time we were—what many called—outraging the world with display ; exhibiting our wealth in every ostentatious way ; to think that it was not ours, that we were mere pretenders, with a mock rank, a mock station.”

“ My father did not go thus far, Nelly,” said he gravely. “ That he did not despise these pretensions I firmly believe, but that they ever gave him serious reason to suppose his right could be successfully disputed, this I do not believe. His fear was, that when the claim came to be resisted by one like myself, the battle would be ill fought. It was in this spirit he said, ‘ Would that Marion had been a boy ! ’ ”

“ And what will you do, Gusty ? ”

“ I’ll tell you what I will not do, Nelly,” said he firmly : “ I will not, as this letter counsels me, go back to live where it is possible I have no right to live, nor spend money to which the law may to-morrow declare I have no claim. I will abide by what that law shall declare, without one effort to bias it in my favour. I have a higher pride in submitting myself to this trial than ever I had in being the owner of Castello. It may be that I shall not prove equal to what I propose to myself. I have no over-confidence in my own strength, but I like to think, that if I come well through the ordeal, I shall have done what will dignify a life, humble even as mine, and give me a self-respect, without which existence is valueless to me. Will you stand by me, Nelly, in this struggle—I shall need you much ? ”

“ To the last,” said she, giving him both her hands, which he grasped within his, and pressed affectionately.

“ Write, then, one line from me to Sedley, to say that I entrust the case entirely to his guidance ; that I will not mix myself with it in any way, nor will I return to England till it be decided ; and say, if you can, that you agree with me in this determination. And then, if the L’Estranges are ready, let us start at once.”

“ They only wait for us ; Julia said so this morning.”

“ Then we shall set out to-morrow.”



## CHAPTER XLIX.

## A LONG TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

"SCANT courtesy, I must say," exclaimed Lady Augusta, as, after rapidly running her eyes over a note, she flung it across the table towards Pracontal.

They were seated tête-à-tête in that small drawing-room which looked out upon the garden and the grounds of the Borghese Palace.

"Am I to read it?" asked he.

"Yes, if you like. It is from Augustus Bramleigh, a person you feel some interest in."

Pracontal took up the note, and seemed to go very carefully over its contents.

"So then," said he, as he finished, "he thinks it better not to meet—not to know me."

"Which is no reason on earth for being wanting in a proper attention to me," said she, angrily. "To leave Rome without calling here, without consulting my wishes, and learning my intentions for the future, is a gross forgetfulness of proper respect."

"I take it, the news of the trial was too much for him. Longworth said it would, and that the comments of the press would be insupportable besides."

"But what have I to do with that, sir? Mr. Bramleigh's first duty was to come here. I should have been thought of. I was the first person this family should have remembered in their hour of difficulty."

"There was no intentional want of respect in it, I'll be bound," cried Pracontal. "It was just a bashful man's dread of an awkward moment—that English terror of what you call a 'scene'—that sent him off."

"It is generous of you, sir, to become his apologist. I only wonder"—here she stopped, and seemed confused.

"Go on, my lady. Pray finish what you began."

"No, sir. It is as well unsaid."

"But it was understood, my lady, just as well as if it had been uttered. Your ladyship wondered who was to apologize for me."

She grew crimson as he spoke; but a faint smile seemed to say how thoroughly she relished that southern keenness that could divine a half-uttered thought.

"How quick you are," said she, without a trace of irritation.

"Say, rather, how quick he ought to be who attempts to parry you at fence. And, after all," said he, in a lighter tone, "is it not as well that he has spared us all an embarrassment? I could not surely have been able to condole with him, and how could he have congratulated me?"

"Pardon me, Count, but the matter, so far as I learn, is precisely as it was before. There is neither subject for condolence nor gratulation."

"So far as the verdict of the jury went, my lady, you are quite right;

but what do you say to that larger, wider verdict pronounced by the press, and repeated in a thousand forms by the public? May I read you one passage, only one, from my lawyer Mr Kelson's letter?"

"Is it short?"

"Very short."

"And intelligible?"

"Most intelligible."

"Read it then."

"Here it is," said he, opening a letter, and turning to the last page. "Were I to sum up what is the popular opinion of the result, I could not do it better than repeat what a City capitalist said to me this morning, 'I'd rather lend Count Pracontal twenty thousand pounds to-day, than take Mr. Bramleigh's mortgage for ten.'"

"Let me read that. I shall comprehend his meaning better than by hearing it. This means evidently," said she, after reading the passage, "that your chances are better than his."

"Kelson tells me success is certain."

"And your cautious friend, Mr.—; I always forget that man's name?"

"Longworth?"

"Yes, Longworth. What does he say?"

"He is already in treaty with me to let him have a small farm which adjoins his grounds, and which he would like to throw into his lawn."

"Seriously?"

"No, not a bit seriously; but we pass the whole morning building these sort of castles in Spain, and the grave way that he entertains such projects ends by making me believe I am actually the owner of Castello and all its belongings."

"Tell me some of your plans," said she, with a livelier interest than she had yet shown.

"First of all, reconciliation, if that be its proper name, with all that calls itself Bramleigh. I don't want to be deemed a usurper, but a legitimate monarch. It is to be a restoration."

"Then you ought to marry Nelly. I declare that never struck me before."

"Nor has it yet occurred to me, my lady," said he, with a faint show of irritation.

"And why not, sir? Is it that you look higher?"

"I look higher," said he; and there was a solemn intensity in his air and manner as he spoke.

"I declare, Monsieur de Pracontal, it is scarcely delicate to say this to me."

"Your ladyship insists on my being candid, even at the hazard of my courtesy."

"I do not complain of your candour, sir. It is your—your——"

"My pretension?"

"Well, yes, pretension will do."

"Well, my lady, I will not quarrel with the phrase. I do 'pretend,' as we say in French. In fact, I have been little other than a pretender these last few years."

"And what is it you pretend to? May I ask the question?"

"I do not know if I may dare to answer it," said he, slowly. . . .

"I will explain what I mean," added he, after a brief silence, and drawing his chair somewhat nearer to where she sat. "I will explain. If, in one of my imaginative gossipries with a friend, I were to put forward some claim—some ambition—which would sound absurd coming from me *now*, but which, were I the owner of a great estate, would neither be extravagant nor ridiculous, the memory of that unlucky pretension would live against me ever after, and the laugh that my vanity excited would ring in my years long after I had ceased to regard the sentiment as vanity at all. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, I believe I do. I would only have you remember that I am not Mr. Longworth."

"A reason the more for my caution."

"Couldn't we converse without riddles, Count Pracontal?"

"I protest I should like to do so."

"And as I make no objection——"

"Then to begin. You asked me what I should do if I were to gain my suit; and my answer is, if I were not morally certain to gain it, I'd never exhibit myself in the absurd position of planning a life I was never to arrive at."

"You are too much a Frenchman for that."

"Precisely, madam. I am too much a Frenchman for that. The exquisite sensibility to ridicule puts a very fine edge on national character, though your countrymen will not admit it."

"It makes very tetchy acquaintances," said she, with a malicious laugh.

"And develops charming generosity in those who forgive us!"

"I cry off. I can't keep up this game of give and take flatteries. Let us come back to what we were talking of, that is, if either of us can remember it. O yes, I know it now. You were going to tell me the splendid establishment you'd keep at Castello. I am sure the cook will leave nothing to desire—but how about the stable? That 'steppere' will not exactly be in his place in an Irish county."

"Madam, you forget I was a lieutenant of hussars."

"My dear Count, that does not mean riding."

"Madam!"

"I should now rise and say 'Monsieur!' and it would be very good comedy after the French pattern; but I prefer the sofa and my ease, and will simply beg you to remember the contract we made the other day—that each was to be at liberty to say any impertinence to the other, without offence being taken."

Pracontal laid his hand on his heart, and bowed low and deep.

"There are some half a dozen people in that garden yonder, who have passed and repassed—I can't tell how many times—just to observe us. You'll see them again in a few minutes, and we shall be town-talk to-morrow, I'm certain. There are no tête-à-têtes ever permitted in Rome if a cardinal or a monsignore be not one of the performers."

"Are those they?" cried he, suddenly.

"Yes, and there's not the least occasion for that flash of the eye, and that hot glow of indignation on the cheek. I assure you, Monsieur, there is nobody there to 'couper la gorge' with you, or share in any of those social pleasantries which make the 'Bois' famous. The curiously minded individual is a lady—a Mrs. Trumpler—and her attendants are a few freshly arrived curates. There now, sit down again, and look less like a wounded tiger, for all this sort of thing fusses and fevers me. Yes, you may fan me, though if the detectives return it will make the report more highly coloured."

Pracontal was now seated on a low stool beside her sofa, and fanning her assiduously.

"Not but these people are all right," continued she. "It is quite wrong in me to admit you to my intimacy—wrong to admit you at all. My sister is so angry about it, she won't come here—fact, I assure you. Now don't look so delighted and so triumphant, and the rest of it. As your nice little phrase has it, you 'are for nothing' in the matter at all. It is all myself, my own whim, my fancy, my caprice. I saw that the step was just as unadvisable as they said it was. I saw that any commonly discreet person would not have even made your acquaintance, standing as I did; but unfortunately for me, like poor Eve, the only tree whose fruit I covet is the one I'm told isn't good for me. There go our friends once more. I wish I could tell her who you are, and not keep her in this state of torturing anxiety."

"Might I ask, my lady," said he, gravely, "if you have heard anything to my discredit or disparagement, as a reason for the severe sentence you have just spoken?"

"No, unfortunately not, for in that case my relatives would have forgiven me. They know the wonderful infatuation that attracts me to damaged reputations, and as they have not yet found out any considerable flaw in yours they are puzzled, out of all measure, to know what it is I see in you."

"I am overwhelmed by your flattery, madam," said he, trying to seem amused, but, in spite of himself, showing some irritation.

"Not that," resumed she, in that quiet manner which showed that her mind had gone off suddenly in another direction, "not that I owe much deference to the Bramleighs, who, one and all, have treated me with little courtesy. Marion behaved shamefully—that, of course, was to be expected. To marry that odious old creature for a position implied how she would abuse the position when she got it. As I said to Gusty, when a

young Oxford man gives five guineas for a mount, he doesn't think he has the worth of his money if he doesn't smash his collar-bone. There, put down that fan, you are making me feverish. Then the absurdity of playing *Peers* to me! How ashamed the poor old man was; he reddened through all his rouge. Do you know," added she, in an excited manner, "that she had the impertinence to compare her marriage with mine, and say, that at least rank and title were somewhat nobler ambitions than a mere subsistence and a settlement. But I answered her. I told her, 'You have forgotten one material circumstance. I did not live with your father!' O yes! we exchanged a number of little courtesies of this kind, and I was so sorry when I heard she had gone to Naples. I was only getting into stride when the race was over. As to my settlement, I have not the very vaguest notion who'll pay it; perhaps it may be *you*. Oh, of course, I know the unutterable bliss, but you must really ask your lawyer, how is my lien to be disposed of. Some one said to me the other day that, besides the estate, you would have a claim for about eighty thousand pounds."

"It was Longworth said so."

"I don't like your friend Longworth. Is he a gentleman?"

"Most unquestionably."

"Well, but I mean a born gentleman? I detest and I distrust your nature-made gentlemen, who, having money enough to 'get up' the part, deem that quite sufficient. I want the people whose families have given guarantees for character during some generations. Six o'clock! Only think, you are here three mortal hours! I declare, sir, this must not occur again; and I have to dress now. I dine at the Prince Cornarini's. Do you go there?"

"I go nowhere, my lady. I know no one."

"Well, I can't present you. It would be too compromising. And yet they want men like you very much here. The Romans are so dull and stately, and the English, who frequent the best houses, are so dreary. There, go away now. You want leave to come to-morrow, but I'll not grant it. I must hear what Mrs. Trumpler says before I admit you again."

"When then may I——?"

"I don't know; I have not thought of it. Let it be—let it be when you have gained your law-suit," cried she, in a burst of laughter, and hurried out of the room.

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## CHAPTER L.

### CATTARO.

If Cattaro was more picturesque and strange-looking than the Bramleighs had expected, it was also far more poverty-stricken and desolate. The little town, escarped out of a lofty mountain, with the sea in front, consisted of little more than one straggling street, which followed every bend and indentation of the shore. It is true, wherever a little "plateau"

offered on the mountain, a house was built; and to these small winding paths led up, through rocks bristling with the cactus, or shaded by oleanders large as olive-trees. Beautiful little bits of old Venetian architecture, in balconies or porticoes, peeped out here and there through the dark foliage of oranges and figs; and richly-ornamented gates, whose arabesques yet glistened with tarnished gilding, were festooned with many a flowery creeper, and that small banksia-rose, so tasteful in its luxuriance. From the sea it would be impossible to imagine anything more beautiful or more romantic. As you landed, however, the illusion faded, and dirt, misery, and want stared at you at every step. Decay and ruin were on all sides. Palaces, whose marble mouldings and architraves were in the richest style of Byzantine art, were propped up by rude beams of timber that obstructed the footway, while from their windows and balconies hung rags and tattered draperies, the signs of a poverty within great as the ruin without. The streets were lined with a famished, half-clothed population, sitting idly or sleeping. A few here and there affected to be vendors of fruit and vegetables, but the mass were simply loungers reduced to the miserable condition of an apathy which saw nothing better to be done with life than dream it away. While Bramleigh and L'Estrange were full of horror at the wretchedness of the place, their sisters were almost wild with delight at its barbaric beauty, its grand savagery, and its brilliant picturesque character. The little inn, which probably for years had dispensed no other hospitalities than those of the café, that extended from the darkly-columned portico to half across the piazza, certainly contributed slightly to allay the grumblings of the travellers. The poorly furnished rooms were ill kept and dirty, the servants lazy, and the fare itself the very humblest imaginable.

Nothing but the unfailing good temper and good spirits of Julia and Nelly could have rallied the men out of their sulky discontent; that spirit to make the best of everything, to catch at every passing gleam of sunlight on the landscape, and even in moments of discouragement to rally at the first chance of what may cheer and gladden,—this is womanly, essentially womanly. It belongs not to the man's nature; and even if he should have it, he has it in a less discriminative shape and in a coarser fashion.

While Augustus and L'Estrange then sat sulkily smoking their cigars on the sea-wall, contemptuously turning their backs on the mountain variegated with every hue of foliage, and broken in every picturesque form, the girls had found out a beautiful old villa, almost buried in orange-trees in a small cleft of the mountain, through which a small cascade descended and fed a fountain that played in the hall; the perfect stillness, only broken by the splash of the falling water, and the sense of delicious freshness imparted by the crystal circles eddying across the marble fount, so delighted them that they were in ecstasies when they found that the place was to be let, and might be their own for a sum less than a very modest "entresol" would cost in a cognate city.

"Just imagine, Gusty, he will let it to us for three hundred florins a year; and for fifteen hundred we may buy it out and out, for ever." This was Nelly's salutation as she came back full of all she had seen, and glowing with enthusiasm over the splendid luxuriance of the vegetation and the beauty of the view.

"It is really princely inside, although in terrible dilapidation and ruin. There are over two of the fireplaces the Doge's arms, which shows that a Venetian magnate once lived there."

"What do you say, George?" cried Bramleigh. "Don't you think you'd rather invest fifteen hundred florins in a boat to escape from this dreary hole than purchase a prison to live in it?"

"You must come and see the 'Fontanella'—so they call it—before you decide," said Julia. "Meanwhile here is a rough sketch I made from the garden side."

"Come, that looks very pretty, indeed," cried George. "Do you mean to say it is like that?"

"That's downright beautiful!" said Bramleigh. "Surely these are not marble—these columns?"

"It is all marble—the terrace, the balconies, the stairs, the door-frames; and as to the floors, they are laid down in variegated slabs, with a marvellous instinct as to colour and effect. I declare I think it handsomer than Castello," cried Nelly.

"Haven't I often said," exclaimed Bramleigh, "that there was nothing like being ruined to impart a fresh zest to existence? You seem to start anew in the race, and unweighted too."

"As George and I have always been in the condition you speak of," said Julia, "this charm of novelty is lost to us."

"Let us put it to the vote," said Nelly eagerly. "Shall we buy it?"

"First of all let us see it," interposed Bramleigh. "To-day I have to make my visit to the authorities. I have to present myself before the great officials, and announce that I have come to be the representative of the last joint of the British lion's tail; but that he being a great beast of wonderful strength and terrific courage, to touch a hair of him is temerity itself."

"And they will believe you?" asked Julia.

"Of course they will. It would be very hard that we should not survive in the memories of people who live in lonely spots and read no newspapers."

"Such a place for vegetation I never saw," cried Nelly. "There are no glass windows in the hall, but through the ornamental ironwork the oranges and limes pierce through and hang in great clusters; the whole covered with the crimson acanthus and the blue japonica, till the very brilliancy of colour actually dazzles you."

"We'll write a great book up there, George,—'Cattaro under the Doges:' or shall it be a romance?" said Bramleigh.

"I'm for a diary," said Julia, "where each of us shall contribute his share of life among the wild-olives."



"Ju's right," cried Nelly; "and as I have no gift of authorship, I'll be the public."

"No, you shall be the editor, dearest," said Julia; "he is always like the Speaker in the House,—the person who does the least and endures the most."

"All this does not lead us to any decision," said L'Estrange. "Shall I go up there all alone, and report to you this evening what I see and what I think of the place?"

This proposal was at once acceded to; and now they went their several ways, not to meet again till a late dinner.

"How nobly and manfully your brother bears up," said Julia, as she walked back to the inn with Nelly.

"And there is no display in it," said Nelly, warmly. "Now that he is beyond the reach of condolence and compassion, he fears nothing. And you will see that when the blow falls, as he says it must, he will not wince nor shrink."

"If I had been a man, I should like to have been of that mould."

"And it is exactly what you would have been, dear Julia. Gusty said, only yesterday, that you had more courage than us all."

When L'Estrange returned, he came accompanied by an old man in very tattered clothes, and the worst possible hat, whose linen was far from spotless, as were his hands innocent of soap. He was, however, the owner of the villa, and a Count of the great family of Kreptowicz. If his appearance was not much in his favour, his manners were those of a well-bred person, and his language that of education. He was eager to part with this villa, as he desired to go and live with a married daughter at Ragusa; and he protested that, at the price he asked, it was not a sale, but a present; that to any other than Englishmen he never would part with a property that had been six hundred years in the family, and which contained the bones of his distinguished ancestors, of which, incidentally, he threw in small historic details; and, last of all, he avowed that he desired to confide the small chapel where these precious remains were deposited to the care of men of station and character. This chapel was only used once a year, when a mass for the dead was celebrated, so that the Count insisted no inconvenience could be incurred by the tenant. Indeed, he half hinted that, if that one annual celebration were objected to, his ancestors might be prayed for elsewhere, or even rest satisfied with the long course of devotion to their interests which had been maintained up to the present time. As for the chapel itself, he described it as a gem that even Venice could not rival. There were frescoes of marvellous beauty, and some carvings in wood and ivory that were priceless. Some years back, he had employed a great artist to restore some of the paintings, and supply the place of others that were beyond restoration, and now it was in a state of perfect condition, as he would be proud to show them.

"You are aware that we are heretics, Monsieur?" said Julia.

"We are all sons of Adam, Mademoiselle," said he, with a polite

bow ; and it was clear that he could postpone spiritual questions to such time as temporal matters might be fully completed.

As the chapel was fully twenty minutes' walk from the villa, and much higher on the mountain side, had it even been frequented by the country people it could not have been any cause of inconvenience to the occupants of the villa ; and this matter being settled, and some small conditions as to surrender being agreed to, Bramleigh engaged to take it for three years, with a power to purchase if he desired it.

Long after the contract was signed and completed, the old Count continued, in a half-complaining tone, to dwell on the great sacrifice he had made, what sums of money were to be made of the lemons and oranges, how the figs were celebrated even at Ragusa, and Fontanella melons had actually brought ten kreutzers—three-halfpence—apiece in the market at Zara.

"Who is it," cried Julia, as the old man took his leave, "who said that the old mercantile spirit never died out in the great Venetian families, and that the descendants of the doges, with all their pride of blood and race, were dealers and traders whenever an occasion of gain presented itself?"

"Our old friend there has not belied the theory," said Bramleigh ; "but I am right glad that we have secured La Fontanella."

#### CHAPTER LI.

##### SOME NEWS FROM WITHOUT.

THERE is a sad significance in the fact that the happiest days of our lives are those most difficult to chronicle ; it is as though the very essence of enjoyment was its uneventful nature. Thus was it that the little household at the Fontanella felt their present existence. Its simple pleasures, its peacefulness never palled upon them. There was that amount of general similarity in tastes amongst them that secures concord, and that variety of disposition and temperament which promotes and sustains interest.

Julia was the life of all ; for though seeming to devote herself to the cares of housethrift and management, and in reality carrying on all the details of management, it was she who gave to their daily life its colour and flavour ; she who suggested occupations and interest to each ; and while Augustus was charged to devote his gun and his rod to the replenishment of the larder, George was converted into a gardener ; all the decorative department of the household being confided to Nelly, who made the bouquets for the breakfast and dinner-tables, arranged the fruit in artistic fashion, and was supreme in exacting dinner-dress and the due observance of all proper etiquette. Julia was inflexible on this point ; for, as she said, "though people laugh at deposed princes for their persistence in maintaining a certain state and a certain pageantry in their exile,

without these what becomes of their prestige, and what becomes of themselves? they merge into a new existence, and lose their very identity. We, too, may be 'restored' one of these days, and let it be our care not to have forgotten the habits of our station." There was in this, as in most, she said, a semi-seriousness that made one doubt when she was in earnest; and this half-quizzing manner enabled her to carry out her will and bear down opposition in many cases where a sterner logic would have failed her.

Her greatest art of all, however, was to induce the others to believe that the chief charm of their present existence was its isolation. She well knew that while she herself and Nelly would never complain of the loneliness of their lives, their estrangement from the world and all its pursuits, its pleasures and its interests, the young men would soon discover what monotony marked their days, how uneventful they were, and how uniform. To convert all these into merits, to make them believe that this immunity from the passing accidents of life was the greatest of blessings, to induce them to regard the peace in which they lived as the highest charm that could adorn existence, and at the same time not suffer them to lapse into dreamy inactivity or lethargic indifference, was a great trial of skill, and it was hers to achieve it. As she said, not without a touch of vain-glory, one day to Nelly, "How intensely eager I have made them about small things. Your brother was up at daylight to finish his rock-work for the creepers, and George felled that tree for the keel of his new boat before breakfast. Think of that, Nelly; and neither of them as much as asked if the post had brought them letters and newspapers. Don't laugh, dearest. When men forget the post-hour, there is something wonderfully good or bad has befallen them."

"But it is strange, after all, Ju, how little we have come to care for the outer world. I protest I am glad to think that there are only two mails a week—a thing that when we came here led me to believe that it would not be possible to endure."

"To George and myself it matters little," said Julia, and her tone had a touch of sadness in it, in spite of her attempt to smile. "It would not be easy to find two people whom the world can live without at so little cost. There is something in that, Nelly; though I'm not sure that is all gain."

"Well, you have your recompence, Julia," said the other, affectionately, "for there is a little 'world' here could not exist without you."

"Two hares, and something like a black cock, they call it a caper," here cried Augustus from beneath the window. "Come down, and let us have breakfast on the terrace. By the way, I have just got a letter in Cutbill's hand. It has been a fortnight in coming, but I only glanced at the date of it."

As they gathered around the breakfast-table they were far more eager to learn what had been done in the garden and what progress was being made with the fish-pond, than to hear Mr. Cutbill's news, and his letter

lay open till nigh the end of the meal on the table before any one thought of it.

"Who wants to read Cutbill?" said Augustus, indolently.

"Not I, Gusty, if he write as he talks."

"Do you know, I thought him very pleasant?" said L'Estrange. "He told me so much that I had never heard of, and made such acute remarks on life and people."

"Poor dear George was so flattered by Mr. Cutbill's praise of his boiled mutton, that he took quite a liking to the man; and when he declared that some poor little wine we gave him had a flavour of 'Muscat' about it, like old Moselle, I really believe he might have borrowed money of us if he had wanted, and if we had had any."

"I wish you would read him aloud, Julia," said Augustus.

"With all my heart," said she, turning over the letter to see its length. "It does seem a long document, but it is a marvel of clear writing. Now for it:—'Naples, Hotel Victoria. My dear Bramleigh.' Of course you are his dear Bramleigh? Lucky, after all, that it's not dear Gusty."

"That's exactly what makes everything about that man intolerable to me," said Nelly. "The degree of intimacy between people is not to be measured by the inferior."

"I will have no discussions, no interruptions," said Julia. "If there are to be comments, they must be made by me."

"That's tyranny, I think," cried Nelly.

"I call it more than arrogance," said Augustus.

"My dear Bramleigh," continued Julia, reading aloud—"I followed the old viscount down here, not in the best of tempers, I assure you; and though not easily outwitted or baffled in such matters, it was not till after a week that I succeeded in getting an audience. There's no denying it, he's the best actor on or off the boards in Europe. He met me coldly, haughtily. I had treated him badly, forsooth, shamefully; I had not deigned a reply to any of his letters. He had written me three—he wasn't sure there were not four letters—to Rome. He had sent me cards for the Pope's chapel—cards for Cardinal Somebody's receptions—cards for a concert at St. Paul's, outside the walls. I don't know what attentions he had not showered on me, nor how many of his high and titled friends had not called at a hotel where I never stopped, or left their names with a porter I never saw. I had to wait till he poured forth all this with a grand eloquence, at once disdainful and damaging; the peroration being in this wise—that such lapses as mine were things unknown in the latitudes inhabited by well-bred people. 'These things are not done, Mr. Cutbill!' said he, arrogantly; 'these things are not done! You may call them trivial omissions, mere trifles, casual forgetfulnesses and such like; but even men who have achieved distinction, who have won fame and honours and reputation, as I am well aware is your case, would do well to observe the small obligations which the discipline of society enforces, and condescend to exchange that small coin of civilities which

form the circulating medium of good manners.' When he had delivered himself of this he sat down overpowered, and though I, in very plain language, told him that I did not believe a syllable about letters nor accept one word of the lesson, he only fanned himself and bathed his temples with rose-water, no more heeding me or my indignation than if I had been one of the figures on his Japanese screen.

"You certainly said you were stopping at the 'Minerva,'" said he.

"I certainly told your lordship I was at Spilman's."

"He wanted to show me why this could not possibly be the case—how men like himself never made mistakes, and men like me continually did so—that the very essence of great men's lives was to attach importance to those smaller circumstances that inferior people disregarded, and so on; but I simply said, 'Let us leave that question where it is, and go on to a more important one. Have you had time to look over my account?'"

"If you had received the second of those letters you have with such unfeigned candour assured me were never written, you'd have seen that I only desire to know the name of your banker in town, that I may order my agent to remit the money."

"Let us make no more mistakes about an address, my lord," said I. "I'll take a cheque for the amount now," and he gave it. He sat down and wrote me an order on Hedges and Holt, Pall Mall, for fifteen hundred pounds.

"I was so overcome by the promptitude and by the grand manner he handed it to me, that I am free to confess I was heartily ashamed of my previous rudeness, and would have given a handsome discount off my cheque to have been able to obliterate all memory of my insolence."

"Is there anything more between us, Mr. Cutbill?" said he, politely, "for I think it would be a mutual benefit if we could settle all our outlying transactions at the present interview."

"Well," said I, "there's that two thousand of the parson's, paid in, if you remember, after Portlaw's report to your lordship that the whole scheme must founder."

"He tried to browbeat at this. It was a matter in which I had no concern; it was a question which Mr. L'Estrange was at full liberty to bring before the courts of law; my statement about Portlaw was incorrect; dates were against me, law was against me, custom was against me, and at last it was high dinner-hour, and time was against me; 'unless,' said he, with a change of voice I never heard equalled off the stage, 'you will stay and eat a very humble dinner with Temple and myself, for my lady is indisposed.'"

"To be almost on fighting terms with a man ten minutes ago, and to accept his invitation to dinner now, seemed to me one of those things perfectly beyond human accomplishment; but the way in which he tendered the invitation, and the altered tone he imparted to his manner, made me feel that not to imitate him was to stamp myself for ever as one of those vulgar dogs whom he had just been ridiculing, and I assented."

"I have a perfect recollection of a superb dinner, but beyond that, and that the champagne was decanted, and that there was a large cheese stuffed with truffles, and that there were ortolans in ice, I know nothing. It was one of the pleasantest evenings I ever passed in my life. I sang several songs, and might have sung more if a message had not come from my lady to beg that the piano might be stopped, an intimation which closed the *séance*, and I said good-night. The next morning Temple called to say my lord was too much engaged to be able to receive me again, and as to that little matter I had mentioned, he had an arrangement to propose which might be satisfactory; and whether it was that my faculties were not the clearer for my previous night's convivialities, or that Temple's explanations were of the most muddled description, or that the noble lord had purposely given him a tangled skein to unravel, I don't know, but all I could make out of the proposed arrangement was that he wouldn't give any money back—no, not on any terms: to do so would be something so derogatory to himself, to his rank, to his position in diplomacy; it would amount to a self-accusation of fraud; what would be thought of him by his brother peers, by society, by the world, and by THE OFFICE?

"He had, however, the alternate presentation to the living of Oxington in Herts. It was two hundred and forty pounds per annum and a house—in fact 'a provision more than ample,' he said, 'for any man not utterly a worldling.' He was not sure whether the next appointment lay with himself or a certain Sir Marcus Cluff—a retired fishmonger, he thought,—then living at Rome; but so well as I could make out, if it was Lord Culduff's turn he would appoint L'Estrange, and if it was Cluff's, we were to cajole, or to bully, or to persuade him out of it; and L'Estrange was to be inducted as soon as the present incumbent, who only wanted a few months of ninety, was promoted to a better place. This may all seem very confused, dim, and unintelligible, but it is a plain ungarbled statement in comparison with what I received from Temple—who, to do him justice, felt all the awkwardness of being sent out to do something he didn't understand by means that he never possessed. He handed me, however, a letter for Cluff from the noble viscount, which I was to deliver at once; and, in fact, this much was intelligible, that the sooner I took myself away from Naples, in any direction I liked best, the better. There are times when it is as well not to show that you see the enemy is cheating you, when the shrewdest policy is to let him deem you a dupe and wait patiently till he has compromised himself beyond recall. In this sense I agreed to be the bearer of the letter, and started the same night for Rome.

Cluff was installed at the same hotel where I was stopping, and I saw him the next morning. He was a poor broken-down creature, sitting in a room saturated with some peculiar vapour which seemed to agree with him, but half suffocated me. The viscount's letter, however, very nearly put us on a level, for it took his breath away, and all but finished him.

"Do you know, sir," said he, "that Lord Culduff talks here of a title

to a presentation that I bought with the estate thirty years ago, and that he has no more right in the matter than he has to the manor-house. The vicarage is in my sole gift, and though the present incumbent is but two-and-thirty, he means to resign and go out to New Zealand.' He maundered on about Lord Culduff's inexplicable blunder; what course he ought to adopt towards him; if it were actionable, or if a simple apology would be the best solution, and at last said, 'There was no one for whom he had a higher esteem than Mr. L'Estrange, and that if I would give him his address he would like to communicate with him personally in the matter.' This looked at least favourable, and I gave it with great willingness; but I am free to own I have become now so accustomed to be jockeyed at every step I go, that I wouldn't trust the Pope himself, if he only promised me anything beyond his blessing.

"I saw Cluff again to-day, and he said he had half written his letter to L'Estrange; but being his ante-fumigation day, when his doctor enjoined complete repose, he could not complete or post the document till Saturday. I have thought it best, however, to apprise you, and L'Estrange through you, that such a letter is on its way to Cattaro, and I trust with satisfactory intelligence. And now that I must bring this long narrative to an end, I scarcely know whether I shall repeat a scandal you may have heard already, or more probably still, like to hear now, but it is the town-talk here: that Pracontal, or Count Bramleigh,—I don't know which name he is best known by—is to marry Lady Augusta. Some say that the marriage will depend on the verdict of the trial being in his favour; others declare that she has accepted him unconditionally. I was not disposed to believe the story, but Cluff assures me that it is unquestionable, and that he knows a lady to whom Lady Augusta confided this determination. And, as Cluff says, such an opportunity of shocking the world will not occur every day, and it cannot be expected she could resist the temptation.

"I am going back to England at once, and I enclose you my town address in case you want me: '4, Joy Court, Cannon Street.' The Culduff mining-scheme is now wound up, and the shareholders have signed a consent. Their first dividend of fourpence will be paid in January, future payment will be announced by notice. Tell L'Estrange, however, not to 'come in,' but to wait.

"If I can be of service in any way, make use of me, and if I cannot, don't forget me, but think me as, what I once overheard L'Estrange's sister call me,—a well-meaning snob, and very faithfully yours,

"T. CUTBILL."

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## Under the Sea.

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THE sea has claimed excessive tribute of human life, human handiwork, and human wealth, ever since men began to go down thither in ships. It would be interesting, were it possible, to calculate how much of the world's treasure has from time to time gone to pave the ocean, from the Arctic to the Antaretic. Shakspeare, reflecting upon this subject, and wishing to convey the idea of great wealth, speaks in *Henry the Fifth* of the riches of

The ooze and bottom of the sea

With sunken wreck and sumless treasures ;

while he makes Clarence, in *Richard the Third*, dream of

A thousand fearful wrecks—

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, invaluable jewels,

All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

In the infancy of navigation, when ships were rarely taken out of sight of land, the rudeness and simplicity of the appliances for guiding and managing vessels made wrecks matters of very frequent occurrence. The enormous losses which must in those times have been suffered would, it might be supposed, have turned attention to recovering a part at least of the treasures so frequently engulfed. It is only, however, within a comparatively recent period that serious attempts have been made in this direction, and so successful has been the enterprise engaged, that now-a-days, unless a ship is sunk far away out at sea, in almost unfathomable depths, a total loss rarely results.

The simple process of diving, unassisted by mechanical appliance, has of course long been in practice. We find, however, no mention of it in the Bible ; for although the occurrence of the word " pearl " in the Book of Job might raise the supposition that pearl-diving was known to the Jews, the commentators—Dr. Kitto amongst the number—have quarrelled with the translation, contending that the Hebrew word should have been rendered " crystal," and not pearl. However, diving for oysters was practised in the time of Homer, as in the sixteenth book of the *Iliad* Patroclus, having slain Hector's charioteer, taunts him for falling headlong from his seat like a diver, and tells him that he dives to the ground in the same manner as a diver goes into the sea to gropé for oysters. The next ancient author who refers to diving is Æschylus, who in *The Suppliants* speaks of the clear-sighted eye which may, without dizziness, reach the bottom of deep persevering thought like a diver. The first record we have of the employment of divers for any other purpose than oyster-fishing is to be found in Thucydides, who relates that in the expedition of the Greeks

against Syracuse, divers were called into requisition to saw asunder the wooden stockades which had been placed under water at the mouth of the harbour, to prevent the Greek ships from entering. Livy, in the forty-fourth book of his history, gives the earliest instance of what now forms the chief business of the modern application of diving, namely, the recovery of money and valuables not of a perishable nature. A.U.C. 583, or 170 years before the Christian era, Perseus ordered his generals Andronicus and Nicias to throw the treasures of Pella into the sea, and to burn the arsenals of Thessalonica. Andronicus delayed the execution of his part of the command, but Nicias obeyed only too faithfully. Perseus changed his mind upon the matter, whereupon Nicias set to work, and by the agency of divers recovered almost all the treasure he had sunk. Perseus hearing of this, and anxious that there should be no living witnesses of his irresolution and folly, had Nicias and the divers put to death. So runs the story, which is illustrative, at all events, of Talleyrand's remark about zeal. The tricks which Antony and Cleopatra played each other by the aid of divers will be in the recollection of readers of Plutarch and Shakspeare. Antony, whilst angling with Cleopatra, had engaged one of his assistants to dive and put upon his hook such fish as had been caught before. Cleopatra discovering this, sent down another diver, who placed a *salt* fish upon the hook; and says Charmian to Cleopatra in the play—

'Twas merry when  
You waggered on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

At about this time divers would seem to have been a recognized body of workmen, for Manilius wrote (A.D. 12) in the fifth book of his astronomical epic, not only of those who submerged themselves in the sea, seeking the caves of the water-nymphs, but of those who snatched its spoil of wrecks from the deep and examined the sea-bed with eyes anxious in search of lost treasure. We find even that their scale of recompence was fixed by law. Among the Rhodians they were paid upon a scale regulated by the depth to which they had to dive; while the Digest provides that the property recovered should be returned to the merchant who originally owned it, a percentage of remuneration being allowed for the diver. Some of these men must have been persons of consideration, since among the ancient inscriptions collected by Gudius are two relating to Romans in this condition of life. One has reference to Onochrysus, a diver residing *in via Ostiensi*, and the other to Thumnus, a fisherman and diver living *in via Portuenti*.

Homer's oyster-fisher may be supposed to have employed a method of working similar to that of the Ceylon pearl-divers, who with a stone of sixty pounds weight attached to their feet, descend to the bottom of the sea, heap all the loose rubbish within reach into their baskets, and then pull a rope as a signal to haul up, seldom remaining under water more than a minute, and never more than two minutes; although there are fables like

that of the diver from the province of Travancore, in Hindostan, who stayed in the water for six minutes. Even after the usual dip of one minute, which is repeated forty or fifty times in the day, blood frequently flows from the mouths and ears of the men. The only devices used by these Ceylon divers are rubbing their bodies with oil, stuffing their ears and noses, or carrying a sponge filled with oil in their mouths; and these are of no particular efficacy, or, at all events, do not enable them to remain under water longer than usual. On this point the only credible accounts fix the limit at two minutes. The present writer visiting a provincial music-hall lately, saw a man remain at the bottom of a tank filled with water (the tank was placed upon the stage, and, by means of a lime-light thrown from above and a glass front, all the movements of the swimmer could be seen) for a minute and a half, to the almost painful excitement of the spectators. It is related that Mr. Brunel, during the construction of the Thames Tunnel, went down in a diving-bell to inspect some of the works. He left the bell to look at a fault in the masonry, and remained away in the water for two minutes, to the great alarm of his friends. He explained his power to do this by the supposition that the air of the bell, which had sunk thirty feet, was so compressed, that when he left it he had taken in twice the amount of respirable fluid that he would under ordinary circumstances if he had left the upper air and gone at once into the water.

Such artificial aids to submarine exploration as were possessed by the ancients were of the simplest description. It is said that in Paris there are some ancient marbles on which men are depicted as swimming under water with vessels in the shape of bladders over their mouths, their bodies of course being weighted according to circumstances. Aristotle speaks of a description of kettle in use among divers to enable them to remain the longer under water; while we have the secondary evidence of Roger Bacon for the fact that Alexander was possessed of some artificial means of seeking out the secrets of the deep. Pliny also speaks of divers engaged to assist the stratagems of ancient warfare, who carried on their operations under water, having in their mouths a long pipe, the top or funnel of which was made to float, and thus communicate air to the divers. To meet such devices as this, the defenders would place nets across the river or channel, and plant here and there wooden snags having sharp pieces of iron or the blades of swords sticking out of them. In one of the oldest editions of Vegetius' *De Re Militari*, the annotator has added some illustrations from which he wishes us to infer that in the time of his author, circa A.D. 380, there was a diving apparatus in use for catching fish, a conclusion to which we altogether demur from what we know of the conditions of fish-catching. The apparatus consisted of a cap or helmet, fitting close to the head of the diver, to which was attached a leathern pipe communicating with the air, by the top being constructed to float on the water. This is evidently derived from Pliny's relation. This method of getting air down to the divers afforded a hint to Mr. Scott Russell in the construction of his ill-fated submarine vessel, the *Nautilus*.

Friar Bacon was the first Englishman to suggest appliances of a scientific nature to aid in submarine explorations. In his *Discoveries of the Miracles of Art, Nature, and Magic* (circa A.D. 1252), Chapter IV., "of admirable artificial instruments," he says, "a man may make an engine whereby, without any corporal danger, he may walk at the bottom of the sea or other waters;" but he does not enter into details upon the project, and for three centuries no action was taken upon the hint he threw out. From the sixteenth century to the present time, however, the ingenuity of inventors has been applied to the object of overcoming the difficulties of carrying on useful submarine operations, and their projects seem to have divided themselves into three classes: namely, diving-vessels to be navigated under water with the same facility as on the surface, the diving-bell, and the modern diving-dress. Notwithstanding the patient efforts of inventors, the first class may be declared, up to the present time, practical failures, while the other two are engaged in active work, and enter much more largely into all the purposes of modern enterprise than the generality of people are apt to suppose.

In the reign of James I., one Cornelius Debrell planned a vessel which should carry twelve rowers besides passengers, and which should be navigated under water, with the idea which has prompted this sort of invention throughout, of operating without being observed upon the ships of the enemy in time of war. We cannot make out whether the experiment was carried into effect or not. One account is, however, circumstantial in the affirmative, as it purports to be the relation of one of the men who rowed the boat when it was tried in the Thames. Debrell pretended to have discovered a subtle liquor, the distillation of which from a bottle enabled him to correct the impurities of the air already breathed by the rowers, and to render it fit again for respiration. This invention he kept secret. It was, however, said to have been discovered by Boyle, who obtained his information from the physician who married Debrell's daughter; but at any rate the mystery of manufacturing this wondrous *elixir vite* passed away with Boyle and the physician, and no one has happened upon it since. Attempts were subsequently made on behalf of the Landgrave of Hesse to accomplish the same object. The model selected was Debrell's vessel, which was a wooden tub of an elliptical shape, six feet high, and supplied with air by pipes communicating with the surface. The descent and ascent of the vessel were regulated by means of a compartment into which water was introduced when it was desired to go down, and from which it was expelled when an ascent was to be made. It was constructed to contain over a hundred cubic feet of air, and upon a calculation that as thirty-two cubic feet would last a diver an hour, four persons could remain in the vessel for that period without the necessity of drawing air from above. A full description of this vessel will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1747. In the same Magazine for 1749, mention is made of a vessel constructed by one Symons, in 1729. It appears to have been made of a size to contain

sufficient air to last one man three-quarters of an hour, was water-tight, and was made to sink by a certain calculated weight of lead. Symons himself sunk the boat to the bottom of the Dart, and remained there for nearly an hour; but the vessel of course was a simple curiosity without practical qualities. Symons complains that on the occasion of exhibiting his vessel in the Dart, he only received five shillings, although there was a large number of persons present. In 1774 a check was put upon this description of experiment by the fate of John Day. He appears to have so far improved upon Symons's model that he actually is said to have sunk himself in thirty feet of water in a pool near Norwich, and to have remained there for twenty-four hours. His only plan of turning this to account was by getting large bets made that he would not sink a ship a hundred yards deep in the sea (a thing of course out of the question, as the pressure of the water at that depth would have burst in the sides) and remain there for twenty-four hours. The *Sporting Kalendar* was examined, and a Mr. Blake fixed upon as the gentleman who should get the bets on. He took the matter up, and large wagers were laid that a vessel which should remain in a hundred feet, not yards, for twenty-four hours, would not be produced in three months. Day was not ready with his vessel in time, and Mr. Blake lost the bets, although he did not lose confidence in Day. For Mr. Blake's satisfaction, the vessel was completed: Day was closed up tightly therein and provided with a watch, a taper, some biscuits, and a bottle of water, with which he was to remain twenty-four hours at the bottom. The experiment took place in Plymouth Sound, in twenty-two fathoms of water. Poor Day went down, but neither he nor his vessel was ever more heard of, in spite of every exertion that was made for his recovery. It is supposed that the man, having no practical knowledge of the pressure of water at that depth, had not made his vessel strong enough, and that as soon as it got to the bottom it cracked up like an egg-shell, especially as some ripples were seen to rise on the surface just after he went down. How he proposed to obtain the means of respiration we have not discovered, and we should be slightly inclined to doubt the truth of the alleged rehearsal near Norwich.

In 1787, a Mr. Bushnell, of Connecticut, is said to have constructed a vessel which could be moved under water, and by means of which a magazine of powder could be placed at the bottom of a ship and fired. We have no record of the result of this; but Citizen St. Aubin, a Paris man of letters and a member of the tribunate, gave an account, in 1802, of the *bateau plongeur* of Mr. Fulton, also an American. Experiments were made with this vessel, in which a compartment to contain sufficient air for eight men during eight hours was contrived, in the harbours of Havre and Brest. The compass points were proved under water, and the boat made way to the extent of half a league. Above all, Fulton added to his boat a machine by means of which he actually did blow up a large boat in Brest Harbour. Attempts have been made in this direction of late years both by Mr. Scott Russell and Mr. W. E. Newton. It is not so long since that the *Nautilus*—de-

signed by Mr. Scott Russell for submarine navigation, and specially intended by him for operations against the Russian ships in the time of the Crimean war—lay high and dry in the yard at Millwall. We believe it had actually been accepted for service by the Admiralty, but the end of the war came before the vessel could prove its utility; and, perhaps we should say happily, it has remained since without employment. The principle of the vessel with respect to its rising and sinking was similar to that we have pointed out in the case of Debrell's ship. When it was intended to sink, certain compartments were filled with water, which was expelled when the voyagers wished to rise. The air supply was drawn through a pipe, the top or funnel of which floated on the water, a device which resembles that mentioned by Pliny and the annotator of Vegetius, and was actually adopted at the end of the last century by Kleingert of Breslau. The *Nautilus* was fitted with compasses and the other scientific appliances of navigation, and she was rowed from outside by men in diving dresses, who were supplied with air from the inside of the vessel. The great danger of course was of accident to the floating funnel. Experiments were made in Portsmouth Harbour which proved that the vessel could be employed in placing torpedoes underneath ships. In 1857, Mr. W. E. Newton, of London, made some experiments with a vessel which, upon the old model of such ships, was to contain a supply of air sufficient to last a certain number of men a certain time; but we have not heard that Mr. Newton has carried his plans to the point of success; and the same remark applies to the design of Dr. Payerne, mentioned in the catalogue of the Paris Exhibition of 1855, for constructing a submarine vessel with a chemical contrivance for manufacturing fresh air out of the original air supply of the vessel when it becomes vitiated. If this could be accomplished, the grand difficulty of all such schemes would be obviated; but the account we read of Dr. Payerne's proposals did not imbue us with a very sanguine idea of their practicability.

The learned, ingenious, and eccentric Bishop Wilkins has allowed his fancy to run wild about submarine navigation. His reflections upon the subject, suggested by the before-mentioned vessel of Debrell, will be found in his *Mathematical Magic*. He has imagined a ship which he calls *Wilkins' Mercury*, or the *Secret Swift Messenger*, and which, according to his view, could do all manner of things possible and impossible. Upon this matter the learned bishop seems to have been imbued with the true spirit of a Lagado projector. He is rather cloudy in his notions as to the manner of supplying the vessel with air, but evidently relies upon Debrell's quintessence for purifying and renewing the vitiated atmosphere; although he has no idea whatever of how the "quintessence" was composed or how it was to be obtained. He makes one exceedingly funny suggestion for lighting his submarine vessels. Their lamps are to be fed with oil extracted from fish caught by the submarine travellers *en route*. This is of a piece with the remainder of his speculations, which are thus summed up: Such a vessel, he says, would ensure privacy. A man might go to any



coast of the world, invisibly, without being discovered or prevented in his journey. The vessel would be safe from the uncertainty of tides and the violence of tempests, which never affect the sea above five or six paces deep; from pirates, ice, frosts, &c.; it would blow up enemies' ships, would convey supplies secretly to any besieged place, and could be extensively employed in submarine experiments and discoveries. The bishop supposed that the voyagers could obtain supplies of water from fresh springs which they would discover at the bottom of the sea. All kinds of arts could be carried on in such a vessel; learned observations could be made and printed therein. Several colonies might thus inhabit, having their children who could not choose but to be amazed upon the discovery of the upper world. So we should think. The bishop has allowed his hobby to run riot, but the visionary nature of his speculations accords well with the abortive efforts which have been made to carry out such projects.

It is pleasant to turn from this purely speculative aspect of submarine experiment to those in which we may contemplate its services to commerce and to mankind. Practically the art is of too recent a date in its safe and perfect form for it to have rendered much aid to scientific investigation and discovery; but that it will soon render valuable assistance in this direction, there is no doubt whatever. The diving-bell was the first perfected form of diving apparatus, but its history has been so often written, and its method of working is so well known through the Polytechnic lectures and experiments, that it is unnecessary for us to enter into any common details here. The saying of there being in things evil a soul of goodness, was never more signally exemplified than in the case of Philip's Armada. With its political effects upon this country the students of history will be familiar; but it is at least singular that the richly freighted Spanish galleons which were sunk near our coasts during the storm which destroyed the Armada should have given an impetus to diving operations which has even yet not ceased to operate. The dreams of divers for the last three centuries have been of the Spanish doubloons which pave the sea bottom in many parts of our coasts. Within the present century large sums of Spanish money have been recovered, and every diver has his pet scheme for making further investigations which may lead him on to fortune and affluence. As early as 1588 the Marquis of Argyll obtained a royal patent, entitling him to all the treasure he could recover from the Spanish ships sunk off the Isle of Mull. For this purpose he employed James Colquhoun, of Glasgow, who went down and examined the ships, air being supplied to him by a leathern pipe; but nothing was recovered. Nearly eighty years afterwards, men's minds having been much excited in the meantime, the then Duke of Argyll, in whom the original patent was vested, renewed the operations, which were facilitated by a rude kind of diving-bell on the principle to be found in the scientific apparatus of the present day. After a great deal of trouble, however, only three guns about eight feet long and eight inches in diameter were recovered, and the attempt was again abandoned. The Spanish gold at the bottom of the sea off the Mull



coast had, however, set in motion the spirit of invention which has carried its results forward to the present condition of the diving art. Diving has its romance as well as other departments of human effort. In 1680, nearly a century after the patent of the Marquis of Argyll, one William Phipps, having contrived a square iron box, open at the bottom, with windows and an inside seat for the divers (which is precisely the present arrangement, except that the air is now continually renewed from above, whereas in this machine the stay was limited by the supply of air in the bell), persuaded Charles II. to fit out a ship to enable him to recover some Spanish treasure sunk off Hispaniola. Spanish gold again! His first attempt was a failure, but in 1687, assisted with funds by Monk, Duke of Albemarle, Phipps succeeded in recovering 200,000*l.* from the wrecks. On his return he was knighted, and from this persevering diver have descended the Mulgraves of diplomatic history. In 1688 great assistance was rendered to those who were engaged in attempting to overcome the practical difficulties of diving by the speculations of George Sinclair, a learned mathematician of Edinburgh. In his *Hydrostatica, or Natural Philosophy improved by Experiments*, he published a series of calculations which were intended to check rash and unsafe experiments. He showed how the depth to which a vessel of a certain strength could descend was limited by the pressure of the water, and also established a rule for estimating the size of a bell to contain a certain quantity of air for a given number of men to remain in a certain time. If some of the foolish men who lost their lives subsequently had consulted Sinclair, they might have spared themselves the catastrophe. The difficulty of renewing the supply of air was overcome in 1715 by Halley the astronomer. He had an escape-cock fitted to the top of the bell, and had a service of barrels which were sent down to the bottom full of air. These were emptied into the bell, and a continuous air-supply secured. In 1783 Mr. Spalding of Edinburgh, who had made some improvements upon the mechanical arrangement of Halley's bell, but had retained the barrel air-service, engaged to recover some of the cargo of an East Indiaman which had been sunk off the Kish Bank, Ireland. He and his assistant went down, and after the first supply of air was supposed to have been exhausted, the barrels were sent down as usual. No signal having been given for some time, the bell was drawn up, and Mr. Spalding and his assistant were found to be dead. It is supposed that by some means they failed to discharge the air from the barrels into the bell, and were consequently suffocated. The barrel service was always more or less dangerous from its liability to get out of gear; and if Spalding had but adopted the invention of Smeaton, the engineer of the Eddystone Lighthouse, he would in all probability not have lost his life in the manner he did. In 1779 Smeaton applied the pneumatic forcing-pump to the diving-bell. The air was by this machine communicated to the bell from the deck of the ship—the apparatus being connected with the bell by a flexible tube, kept open against the pressure of the water by a spiral brass wire running from end to end. This

appliance of Smeaton has been universally adopted, and now all diving operations are conducted with air supplied by this method. Smeaton was the first to apply the diving-bell, upon the improved principle of construction now adopted, and invented by Smeaton himself, to the purposes of submarine engineering, of which it is so important an element that hardly any dock-works, bridge-building, the erection of piers and breakwaters, and operations of that nature are conducted without its assistance. Smeaton himself used it in repairing the foundations of Hexham Bridge; it enabled Rennie to complete the gigantic works at Ramsgate Harbour and jetty; it was instrumental in clearing away the obstructions in the Clyde, and, in consequence, of facilitating the navigation between Glasgow and Greenock; and only in 1863 two rocks named respectively the Cow and the Calf, which had for many years impeded the navigation of the Menai Straits between Holyhead and the Isle of Anglesey, were removed by the agency of divers and the diving-bell. The sea-wall of the Royal William Victualling-house at Plymouth, a work of great magnitude and difficulty, was accomplished by the same means, which are now in active operation on the breakwater works at Dover, Plymouth, and elsewhere.

Useful, however, as the diving-bell may be, it is obvious that for some time past it has been losing ground before an invention, perfected little more than half a century since, which has made really gigantic strides in public estimation and which is now almost universally used in submarine engineering—we mean the diving-dress. It is of this invention that the jurors of the department of Marine Engineering in the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1865 say, "The problem of diving seems to have been practically solved. The apparatus is capable of improvement no doubt, but it is in principle adequate to all submarine work at present carried on." Many attempts were made in the last century to construct an apparatus which should enable the diver to work independently of the bell, and the favourite notion seems to have been to encase the upper part of the diver's body in a leathern chest sufficiently large to contain a supply of air for a certain period. Towards the end of the century, however, we begin to discern the rude outlines of the highly efficient dress now in use. We have seen that Smeaton in 1779 had applied the forcing air-pump to the diving-bell, and in *Hutton's Philosophical Dictionary*, published in 1795, we find a description of a diving-dress, or armour, as it is called, supplied with air by a forcing-pump. Borelli it was who invented a head-piece or helmet, of about two feet in diameter, which enclosed the head of the diver, and which, having been connected with a goatskin suit worn by the diver, drew its air supply through pipes in communication with a forcing air-pump. Another dress was invented about the same time by one Kleingert of Breslau. He had a cylindrical head-piece of strong tin plate and a body-armour of the same metal reaching from underneath the arms to the hips. The diver was encased first of all in a leathern jacket and drawers of the same material reaching to the knees, and to these the helmet and body-armour were buttoned so as to render the suit air-tight. The air-supply

was drawn through a pipe which was connected with the mouth of the diver by an ivory mouth-piece, the surface end being simply held above the water after the old style mentioned by the annotator of Vegetius. The foul air escaped through another pipe, likewise held above the water. The inhalation being by the mouth, and the exhalation by the nostrils, the act of inhalation caused the chest to expand and so expel the foul air through the escape-pipe. By the inhaling-pipe the diver could speak to those above. Previously to going down the diver was weighted, and when he wished to ascend he released one of the weights, which he attached to a rope held in his left hand. A few years afterwards one Tonkin, by uniting the schemes of Borelli and Kleingert—that is to say, by applying Borelli's forcing air-pump to Kleingert's armour—produced a dress and apparatus which in all their main features are identical with those now in use and by means of which he recovered 60,000*l.* in dollars from the *Abergavenny*, an East Indiaman, which had been sunk near Weymouth some eight years before, afterwards blowing up the wreck so as to prevent the formation of shoals. The radical defects of Borelli's and Kleingert's dresses were that they afforded no means of resisting the enormous pressure of water which begins to operate at a comparatively small depth. Borelli's goatskin suit could not be used below three fathoms depth, since the forcing-pump was not sufficiently well constructed to enable it to give a supply in the dress to resist the outward pressure of the water. The consequence was that if the diver went lower than three fathoms he ran the risk of being suffocated by the pressure on all parts of his body except that protected by the helmet. Kleingert's body-armour was intended to obviate this, but as by his invention the fresh air was immediately inhaled by the diver and was not diffused over the whole of the dress so as to present a resisting medium, the dress, even with Tonkin's improvements, could not be used below seven fathoms. It was reserved for Mr. A. Siebe, the submarine engineer of Denmark Street, Soho, in conjunction with Messrs. J. and C. Deane, to overcome all these difficulties, and to present us with a dress which is adapted for all the work of diving to a depth of 160 feet.

In 1829, Charles and John Deane, the most celebrated of those who have engaged of late years in the practical work of diving, undertook to recover the wreck of the *Cambria Castle*, an East Indiaman, which had been wrecked in twenty-eight feet of water off the Isle of Wight. Their apparatus was of a very homely character, and appears to have been devised under the necessity which ingenious men in want of capital are apt to experience. The dress consisted simply of a leathern head-piece, which was supplied with air through a pipe connected with the nozzle of a huge pair of bellows. The water would, of course, be excluded by the air supply of the helmet; but although the operations were attended with complete success, the obvious impossibility of descending to any considerable depth, induced Mr. Siebe to join with Messrs. Deane in perfecting improvements in the dress. The consequence was the adoption of the open diving-dress, consisting of an iron helmet which was supplied in the

usual manner by an air-pump, and connected with the dress, but open below. With this dress Mr. C. A. Deane, in 1834, descended to the wreck of the *Royal George*, sunk at Spithead in 1782, in ninety-eight feet of water, and by bringing up a large number of cannon, initiated the work afterwards undertaken of removing the wreck from the harbour. The operations upon the *Royal George* were conducted at first with the open dress, but the risk of the diver slipping and lowering the helmet so as to allow the water to rush in, was considered too great to render the universal use of the open dress possible. It is certain that one of the Sappers engaged in the diving operations upon the *Royal George*, who was using the open dress, would have been drowned but for the timely discovery of the accident. This defect led to the adoption of the close diving helmet and apparatus now in use, which, however, is but a reversion in principle to the improved apparatus of Tonkin before mentioned. There has been so much controversy as to whom the various alterations and improvements are due, that we will not pretend to adjudge upon the matter.

The diver, when about to commence work, puts on a guernsey, a pair of drawers, and one or more pairs of stockings, as circumstances may require. Over these he draws a garment, made of sheet india-rubber placed between two thicknesses of canvas so made as to envelope the whole body from the neck to the feet. Round each wrist he places a band of vulcanized india-rubber to guard against the ingress of the water. The effect of this pressure upon the wrist is often to numb the hand by impeding the circulation of the blood; and divers have been known to work for a considerable time after having a finger-nail torn off, an accident which has only been revealed on their coming to the surface. To prevent the dress from being chafed by the heavy boots he is obliged to wear, the diver puts on a pair of rough stockings outside the dress, and over these his boots, each of which is soled with lead to the weight of ten pounds to assist him in steadying his movements, which would otherwise be impeded by the buoyancy of water at great depths. He then draws over his head, covering all parts except the face, a woollen cap, to protect him against the draught from the pumping through the upper-air pipe. Finally, he puts on a helmet of polished copper, which fits on to a metal band attached to the dress, and which is then screwed hermetically tight with wing nuts. The helmet has three glasses, one in the front, and one at each side, to enable the diver to have a comprehensive view of what he is about. These glasses are protected from accident by transverse iron bars. An accident by the breaking of a glass is not so serious as might at first sight appear, since the pressure of air from the inside of the helmet would resist the rush of the water long enough, at all events, to enable the diver to make himself secure. These glasses can be screwed off the helmet, and the front is not fixed on until the diver is ready to descend, and the helmet has been connected with the air-pump. We have heard a diver say that when the helmet is new it is so highly polished that the fish, attracted by the light reflected from it, frequently come bobbing

against it in their curiosity to know who their new companion is. The men who dive for pearls in the Scotch lakes insist that during their work they often have shoals of great lake-trout swimming about them. The helmet, however, soon blackens with the action of the water. When equipped in this head-piece, the diver has somewhat the appearance about the upper part of one of the Tower men-in-armour. The helmet is fitted with a foul-air valve, so arranged that the water cannot enter, but which provides for the egress of the vitiated air. In connection with the fresh-air pipe, which is fixed on to the back of the helmet, is a self-acting or safety valve, which, if any accident should happen by the breaking of the pipe, will close the helmet to the ingress of water and enable the diver to have sufficient air in the dress to last him until he extricates himself from his dangerous position. He is immediately apprised of such a mishap by the cessation of the great rushing noise which accompanies the working of the pump. The air-pipe, of vulcanized india-rubber, kept open from end to end by a brass spiral wire, is screwed on to the helmet at the back, passed under the left arm of the diver, and connected with the air-pump. A rope signal-line is passed round the diver's body and under his right arm, the other end being held by those operating on the surface. He is further equipped with a stout leathern belt, to which is attached a short double-edged knife or dagger, and also with two leaden weights, calculated, of course, with respect to the depth to which he has to descend, and these are equally disposed before and behind over his shoulders. Mr. Siebe's arrangements have been made so that these weights can be slipped instantly if the diver should lose his way and wish to rise to the surface. Great care, however, has to be exercised in selecting this method of getting out of a difficulty, as the immediate effect of slipping these heavy weights is that the diver rises to the surface almost as swiftly as if he had been shot out of a gun. On one occasion, a diver who dropped one of his weights by accident, came to the surface with such force as to upset a small boat. The strength of the copper helmet may be judged from the fact that on this occasion it was simply deeply indented. One of the Mersey Docks divers was lately struck by the paddle of a steamer, and although he was so much injured as to be confined to the hospital for some time, the blow did not break the helmet. The necessity for slipping the weights is, however, reduced to a minimum by the use of the signal or life-line. In ordinary cases, when the diver is ready to descend, a rope-ladder, heavily weighted, is attached to the boat, and by this the diver reaches the bottom.

The operations upon the surface of the water are usually conducted from a large flat or lighter. To the deck of this is screwed the air-pump, and immediately the diver disappears, the working of the pump commences. The pump now in use is a highly finished piece of workmanship, and is kept in a box to guard against accidents. It has three cylinders, with what is called a three-throw crank, by which a continuous supply of air, greater indeed than is ever required, is obtained. The cylinders are so

arranged as to communicate with the outer air, and while one is discharging into the pipe the others are filling from without, and so on *ad infinitum*. Mr. Siebe has added to his pump a cistern of water, which surrounds the cylinders and keeps the air cool, a matter of vast importance in hot climates. He has also invented a pressure gauge, by which the depth at which the diver is working can be ascertained, and the air supply regulated—the greater the depth the greater the quantity of air required to enable the dress to resist the pressure of the water. Stationed on the deck by the side of the pumpers is a man whose functions are important, and whose vigilance must be incessant, since upon him depends in many cases the life of the diver. He has possession of the surface end of the life-line, and carries on a sort of code telegraphy with the diver. He has from time to time to communicate with the diver by pulling the rope, and if no answer is given the diver must be hauled up immediately, as he may have gone off into a fainting fit, or, as happened to old Charles Deane, have dropped into a comfortable nap. The code is simple. One pull of the life-line from the diver means "all right;" two pulls, "send down slings," (to attach to the articles which are to be recovered); three pulls, "send down basket;" four pulls, "haul up goods found." Another man is stationed at the air-pipe, to whom one pull signifies "all right;" two pulls, "more air," (the pump must then be worked faster); three pulls, "haul in the slack of the pipe;" four pulls, "haul up diver." The diver is provided with a heavy crowbar to lift goods about with, and this bar, which on the surface is quite unwieldy, becomes light and manageable at a certain depth of water. The diver adopts a crab-like method of walking, since the effect of his going straight ahead in dark water might be to come into collision with something that would break the glasses of the helmet.

The greatest depth to which a diver can descend with the present appliances in safety is about 160 feet, and for this a burden of one hundred-weight must be disposed about his person. The average depth at which he can work comfortably is about ninety feet, which was near the depth at which the operations upon the *Royal George* were conducted. In water from sixty to seventy feet deep, the men can work for two hours at a time, coming up for ten minutes' rest, and doing a day's work of six or seven hours. An English diver encased in one of Siebe's dresses, went down in the Mediterranean to a depth of 165 feet, and remained there for twenty-five minutes; and we have heard that Green, the American diver, inspected a wreck in one of the Canadian lakes at a depth of 170 feet; but his experience was enough to convince him that he could not work on it without danger to life. At this depth the pressure of water on the hands is so great as to force the blood to the head and bring on fainting fits, while the requisite volume of air inside the dress to resist the outside pressure of the water is so great that it would speedily suffocate the diver. Means have been tried to obviate these difficulties, but for the present a limit has been set to the extent to which man may penetrate the secrets of



the deep. An ingenious Italian workman has brought to this country plans for a sort of scale-armour dress which would resist the pressure of the water; but our submarine engineers think that this would not obviate the difficulties arising from the limits placed to human endurance.

Sundry inventions have been put forward for supplying the divers with an artificial light; but under ordinary circumstances they can make out what they are doing. We have heard a man say that at a depth of eighty feet he could discern the bottom of the ship moored above him, and as a general rule the men prefer to trust, like blind men, to their sense of touch. With regard to the temperature of the bottom of the sea, we are led to infer that it is equable. In the hot days of summer, the men realize the fables about the cool grottos of the water-nymphs; while in the winter the diver is much warmer than his friends on the surface. We are not aware that any experiments have been made to determine this.

- Whitstable is famous for two things—oysters and divers, who by a curious fate have been brought into that conjunction from which they started—the earliest divers, as we have seen, being divers for oysters. When the telegraph wires are flashing up to Lloyd's the news of wrecks on all parts of our coasts, the agents of that ubiquitous association are busy in all the public-houses of the South Eastern Railway's coaling-station, hunting up divers to be despatched on expeditions of salvage. Shortly there may be seen hasty packing of uncanny-looking equipments, and hardy-looking, broad-shouldered men making their way to the toy-box railway-station, from whence they will take flight to all the great points of disaster. These divers are not usually trained to the work, but are drawn principally from the ranks of sailors, masons, shipbuilders, and carpenters. For instance, if it were required to repair the bottom of a ship, a shipbuilding diver would be selected; or if to erect a pier a mason diver would be told off to the work. In special instances an artisan will necessarily have to be instructed in the diving art, as for instance when it is required to take to pieces and send up the engines of a ship that has been sunk. A good diver will earn about 1*l.* a day, and will be in tolerable regular employment. This applies only to the deep-water divers; if they are working in shallow water the wages are but from 10*s.* to 15*s.* a day. The use of the apparatus is usually charged for separately, at the rate of 2*l.* or 3*l.* per week. The more adventurous and successful of the divers are by no means content with mere weekly wages, but make *special* stipulations for extra risks, in which case the remuneration generally takes the form of a percentage upon the value of whatever is recovered. In some cases, as may be supposed, they obtain large sums of money. Notwithstanding the facts that the divers do not usually constitute shining lights in teetotal societies (when at work, however, they are *ex necessitate* abstemious), and also that they are exposed to great personal risks, they are usually long-lived and commonly present the appearance, quite an exceptional appearance we may say, of hale and hearty men. John Hall, one of the most celebrated of the confraternity, lived to eighty; and Whitstable can at this



moment produce men who may be said to have shaken fins with the sharks any time these fifty years.

Of the various works in which such men are employed it would be impossible to furnish anything like a complete list. The recovery of wrecks forms, or did form, their principal occupation, while by the application of a principle of filling the holds of ships with india-rubber air-bags, afterwards inflated upon calculations founded on those made by Sinclair the mathematician of Edinburgh in 1688, and contained in his *Proposal for Buoying up a Ship of any Burden from the Bottom of the Sea*, they are able actually to raise vessels bodily from the deep. The operations upon the *Royal George*, whose wreck had for more than half a century impeded the navigation of Portsmouth Harbour, and from which the guns, &c. were recovered, the vessel being blown up, and the pieces removed by the divers employed for some years, are among the chief victories of the diving art in its modern development. The immense amount of money recovered from the *Royal Charter* by their means has also evidenced their usefulness. Even after all hope of further salvage had been abandoned, a diver, upon his own venture, recovered in a short time some 300*l.* or 400*l.* from the *Royal Charter* wreck. Of the success of divers in repairing the bottoms of ships we had an instance at the siege of Sebastopol, when the *Agamemnon* was struck below the water-line, and would have had to be docked at Malta but that a diver went down and repaired the injury in such a manner that the ship again went into action. The blasting and removing of rocks and other impedimenta form also an important part of diving work. The rocks are blasted by means of charges of gunpowder placed upon them in canisters, which are connected with a voltaic battery worked from the barge or base of operations. The proceedings of Mr. Hicks at Menai Straits, before referred to, are examples of what may be done in this manner; while the deep entrances to the Birkenhead North Docks and the works in Portpatrick Harbour form a striking testimony to the great importance and success of such operations. In the construction of bridges,—notably those of Westminster and the works proceeding at Blackfriars,—the assistance of divers has been found absolutely necessary; and equally so in the cognate works upon piers, docks, dock-gates, harbours, &c.

The Admiralty have organized a corps of divers under the superintendence of their submarine engineer, Mr. Siebe. Any young A.B. seamen who wish to learn to dive are drafted off for instruction to the *Excellent*, in Portsmouth Harbour, where they are instructed by Mr. William Hardy, the chief diver of Portsmouth Dockyard, who has been for twenty years in the service, and has worked at a depth of 160 feet. When the men are considered competent they are commissioned to some vessel—each vessel on service carrying a diver, who is classed as a petty officer. Their business is to repair any damage to the ship's bottom, to examine the screw-propeller and the cable if necessary, and so on. Some of the vessels on foreign stations have rendered essential service by lending their men and apparatus for the recovery of the mails when an accident has happened to a

mail-steamer. If we are not mistaken, it is now the practice of the Board of Trade to see that a diver is appointed to all the sea-ports in the kingdom.

The old divers are fond of recounting the glories of their craft, and as we have before noticed, are specially impressed with any information as to the fate of the vessels of the Armada. This spirit has been fostered no less by the successes of the ancestor of the Mulgraves than by the good fortune of John Gann of Whitstable. This old diver was many years since employed on the Galway coast, and used to pass his evenings in a public-house frequented by fishermen. One of these men repeating a tradition which had long existed in the district, told Gann that one of the Spanish vessels had been wrecked not far from that coast, and intimated that he himself could point out the spot. Gann having finished his special job, made terms with the fisherman, and they were both out for many weeks dragging the spot indicated, for any traces of wreck. They were at last rewarded by coming upon obstructions with their grapnels. Gann brought out his diving-apparatus, and sure enough the truth of the tradition was vindicated by the finding of a number of dollars, which had originally been packed in barrels; the barrels, however, had rotted away and left the gold stacked in barrel-shape. With the money so recovered, John Gann built at Whitstable, his native place, a row of houses which, to commemorate the circumstance, he called Dollar Row.

An amusing anecdote is told in which the sacred hunger of pernicious gold just escaped being satisfied. A couple of divers had been engaged to bring up the treasure from a Spanish ship, and after recovering what they thought sufficient for the principal in the transaction, they determined to do a little business on their own account. They told him therefore that all the money had been recovered; but he persuaded them to make another search, to which they were obliged to consent to save appearances. To amuse themselves, while they were, in the original sense of the word, amusing their employer, they—so runs the story—began to play pitch-and-toss at the bottom of the sea with the coin still remaining in the wreck. One of the coins in the process of tossing disappeared, and after a time the men came up and solemnly declared that nothing remained below. The employer, however, happening to go behind one of them discovered a coin sticking in his belt or some part of his dress. This was the missing coin. Such evidence was conclusive against the divers. The principal therefore dismissed them, obtained other divers and recovered a great deal more money. Such a story, it is true, sounds apocryphal, but it is told and believed by divers.

Relics of the *Royal George* are of course common enough in Portsmouth, but the unique collection of curiosities made by Mr. Siebe, who conducted the diving operations, are destined for South Kensington, if they are not already there. A vexatious but somewhat laughable incident transpired during the work on the foundations of New Westminster Bridge. It is said that curiosity was aroused by the small quantity of work done by those who were sent down in the bell, and

went all the way to Ararat to procure a piece of the ark for his wife to wear as a talisman against too great an increase of family. The cross of the good thief, Dismas, preserved by the Cypriotes, was in great request among pious cut-purses. Count Gillibrand,\* of Sponheim, travelled to Iona to entreat St. Columba for a favourable issue to his feud with his neighbour the Archbishop of Treves; and a dame of Paris tramped to Rheims to procure a spiritual *lettre-de-cachet* against her husband, who happened to be a staunch Burgundian, herself being strongly attached to the opposite party, in the person of one of its officers.

A troop of pilgrims was never wanting in comic materials. It was always sure to abound in flirtation, fun, and frolic, and especially in eccentricity; and was, indeed, about as queer a hotch-potch of persons as could possibly be contrived. The characters of many were just as odd as their motives, and the following, well known in their time, may be taken as average specimens. Here plodded the merchant Sæwolf, who endeavoured by frequent pilgrimage to atone for his much-regretted but unconquerable propensity to cheating. By his side went the monk Romanus of Evroult, afflicted, poor man, to the annoyance of his brother monks, with inveterate kleptomania as regarded their breeches, and who was, therefore, condemned to this species of exile from his convent. And wherever the spirit of mischief found amplest scope, there marched Arlotto il Piovine, the most celebrated droll and incorrigible vagabond of his age, the perpetrator of more loose jests and ridiculous pranks than even Rabelais, and, according to his countrymen, the father of all the "Joe-Millerisms" that have been handed down to them from the Middle Ages. The following is anything but a fair sample of his "facetiae." It is, however, *relateable*, which is much, and in some degree characteristic, which is more: "Ask the countrywoman yonder," said he one day to a comrade when bewildered in the outskirts of Florence. The latter did so, and the dame put down her basket of eggs to reply. Just then a blind beggar came stumping up the narrow path at the tail of his dog. Quick as a Napoleon Messire Arlotto fixed the opportunity, pulled a piece of pudding out of his wallet, and dangled it enticingly on the farther side of the basket. The cur of course sprang at the dainty, regardless of consequences, and down went his master among the eggs.

And these bands contained a sufficient admixture of the tragic to satisfy the keenest lovers of sensation. In their skirts generally skulked one or two like a pair of noble Breton brothers, who, for manifold misdeeds, had been condemned to wander in their shirts, barefoot, besprinkled with ashes, and heavily ironed, "until it should please God to release them from the burden of their chains." During four years of hardship and peril they bore these fetters about with them, from Mount Ararat to Loch Derg, until, in the course of time and many a weary march, the iron had eaten deeply into their flesh. At last, when every foreign saint had proved obdurate, a countryman took pity on their

plight, and their chains dropped off one fine morning at the tomb of St. Marcellinus. These impedimenta did not always betoken a thrilling story and a sincere conversion. Even so early as the days of Charlemagne we find them denounced as, in too many cases, the insignia of imposture.

No doubt the palmers prayed heartily enough at the shrine when they reached it. But it does not appear that they harassed the saints overmuch as they trudged along. On the contrary, we have good reason for suspecting that songs, legends,—some broadly humorous, some quaint and marvellous,—stirring tales of individual adventure, and the notes of the bagpipe and flute, were the means most frequently adopted for beguiling the way; that most of them were very much of the earth earthy so long as they kept in motion; and that if by chance they raised their eyes to heaven, it was generally, like the group described by Cervantes, to take aim at it with the end of a bottle.

The scrip and staff were just as often assumed for the purpose of committing new sins as of getting rid of old ones. A shrine was considered an excellent place of assignation, and a pilgrimage a choice means of reaching it undetected. The monkish writers greatly bewail the prevalence of the practice, and take good care to record and enlarge upon the judgments that, now and then, overtook the transgressors. Many a congregation has been edified with the story of Ansered of Sap, which told how a certain dame agreed to meet that profligate youth in the course of such an excursion—how she failed to keep tryst—how the disappointed swain returned to find the cause, and how he had his brains dashed out for his pains by another of her wicked paramours with whom he happened to surprise her; and too often have the good fathers in their efforts to be graphic wrapped the moral so closely up in the naughtiness that it became very difficult to distinguish it. Among other mischances this bad habit was exceedingly prolific of soiled reputations. A bishop of the period writes as follows concerning our pilgrim countrywomen:—"Perpaucæ enim sunt civitates in Longobardia vel in Francia aut in Gallia, in qua non sit adultera vel meretrix generis Anglorum, quod scandalum est turpitudine totius ecclesiæ." And the example of Eleanor, the divorced of Louis VII. and the wife of Henry II., showed that the errant dames of other lands were not a whit more immaculate. Not unfrequently an inconvenient spouse was inveigled into pilgrimage that the partner left at home might have full scope for indulgence or elopement. This particular phase of the subject has given birth to innumerable lays and legends in every Christian tongue; and it has furnished the annalists with an excuse, sufficiently plausible, to divert general attention from the very decisive, but not very creditable, part played by the Church in the conquest of Ireland. The rape of Devorghal, however, had really nothing to do with that event; for Macmurchad, the perpetrator of the outrage, made his peace with the injured husband full sixteen years before a Norman fort was planted on Irish soil. Occasionally a husband or wife turned pilgrim in order to fasten an ugly charge upon some unfortunate

wight, and thus give a colouring of justice to the active malice of a long-meditated revenge. Such was the origin of the quarrel fought out in 1386 in presence of Charles VI., between the Knight de Carouge and the Squire le Gris. The wife of the former complained that Le Gris had abused her during the pilgrimage of her husband. The accused denied the charge, and the evidence adduced in his favour went far towards proving it an utter fabrication. The lady swore positively that the crime had been perpetrated on a certain day and at a certain hour, and she was sufficiently circumstantial and ingeniously minute in detail to give a very plausible aspect of truth to her story. But though Le Gris failed to account for himself at that particular instant, it was shown that he was many leagues away in attendance on his lord so shortly before and after that the swiftest horse could scarcely have traversed the distance within the time. Nevertheless, as the lady persisted in the accusation, and had powerful friends at her back, it was agreed that the matter should be decided in the lists. There was a goodly attendance at the scene, and conspicuous among the crowd appeared the prosecutrix robed in black. "The cause is good," was her reply to the last appeal of her husband, and the fight began. Le Gris soon fell beneath the practised strokes of the knight; but even then, with his antagonist's foot on his breast and his sword at his throat, he continued to asseverate his innocence. De Carouge ran him through and trailed his corpse by the heels to the gibbet, according to the statute in that case made and provided, much to the satisfaction of the spectators, who hailed the event as the judgment of heaven. But time, a little later on, told a very different tale. The lady being afflicted with an incurable and most painful malady, and conceiving that her perjury had called down the vengeance of heaven, made a clean breast of it, confessing her crime and acknowledging the innocence of the unfortunate squire.

But a more singular misuse of pilgrimage remains to be told. There are several instances extant of persons who undertook these excursions for the express and only purpose of stealing relics. A certain knightly devotee, who went forth to assist in transferring the remains of a celebrated saint to a new and gorgeous shrine, managed to convey a rib into his sleeve during the ceremony, and to carry it off undetected. And Stephen, chanter to the monastery of Angers, trudged barefoot through the whole length of France and Italy all the way to Apulia, in order to purloin an arm of St. Nicholas, the miraculous power of which had brought much glory and gain to the Abbey of Bari, and all but succeeded in the attempt. But unfortunately for him his money ran short in the very nick of time, and in trying to dispose of the silver that enclosed the relic the poor man was detected and the booty reclaimed. There was, however, some little excuse for these holy thieves. By this time it had become almost impossible to procure a genuine relic in any other way; for the graves of martyr and saint had been so thoroughly ransacked, that not even a toenail with any pretence

to occult power remained unappropriated, and the few who endeavoured to procure these things in the regular way of traffic invariably found themselves swindled. Like the Knight Albert of Stein, for instance, who employed a large portion of his wealth—the plunder of many campaigns—in purchasing the skull of St. Anne. This he deposited with much pomp in the principal church of Rome, and received the next morning a small note from his chapmen, the monks of Lyons, apprising him that he was “done,” for the true skull of St. Anne, as they wrote, had never once left their possession and never should.

As a matter of course every company of pilgrims had its sprinkling of loose characters, whose blandishments were only too successful. This, however, was very natural. The conscience, whose catalogue of sins was so soon to become a *tabula rasa*, could not be expected to scruple much about adding a few more to the list. Nor was the fact that his old score had ceased to stare a man in the face, at all likely to deter him from commencing to run up a new one. But these reprobates were not altogether without their uses. The occasional conversion of one of the most abandoned, at the close of a licentious campaign, tended greatly to maintain the miraculous repute of the saint who had interposed to effect it. And though these converts were something given to backsliding, one or two of them, like St. Mary of Egypt, made such progress in grace as eventually rendered them good subjects for canonization, enshrinement, and pilgrimage also.

It was not difficult to graduate a pilgrimage according to inclination or iniquity. It might be made as short as a hunting mass, or as long as the Midgard serpent that was said to encircle the world. Cologne and Compostella, Sinai and Ararat, the more famous places of resort, formed the extremities of an enormous quadrangle, enclosing the Mediterranean; while fanes of lesser but still sufficient note were plentifully strewn between. In most countries hospitals were maintained at every stage for the accommodation of the pilgrim; and chivalry in arms kept watch and ward wherever he was in danger of pagan insult or aggression. For him the Teutonic brotherhood guarded the German forests; for him the knights of Santiago patrolled the Moorish frontier; and for him the galleys of St. John maintained ceaseless and most gallant warfare with the merciless rovers of the Mediterranean. Kings and councils took care of his interests while engaged in these holy excursions, and hedged his household and estate from all assault. Debtors were forbidden to dun and enemies to assail, and the severest form of excommunication was denounced against his wife did she dare to contract another marriage during his absence. Of course there were exceptional places and periods wherein pilgrimage became unusually perilous,—as, for instance, when about the middle of the fifteenth century a certain Italian nobleman established himself in a strong castle on the road to Loretto, and amused himself for some time with robbing the male pilgrims and outraging the women. But these hitches in that pleasant life were few and far between.



Generally speaking the pilgrim was a complete illustration of the eastern proverb, for, no matter where he was thrown into the ever-flowing Nile of pilgrimage, he was pretty sure to emerge with a fish in his mouth and a loaf in his hand.

The sites of some prominent shrines were designated by great events ; but by far the greater number owed their repute to the possession of relics. A goodly number of these relics, too, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, had the faculty of gracing two places at once. The holy stairs--there which originally led to Pilate's judgment seat--might be contemplated at Rome as well as at Bonn. The holy cross existed in a complete state at Constantinople, and in fragments all over the world. One monastery displayed the head of a saint, another his head, and a third his head. And there were several examples of holy men who were first distributed piecemeal among forty or fifty different abbeys, and then were yet to be seen, un mutilated, under the guardianship of some unusually favoured community. But it was not indispensable that relics should always be saintly ; it was sufficient if they happened to be very extraordinary. Thus, in one quarter might be seen the plume of a phoenix, presented by one of the Popes ; in another the mark that Cain bore about on his forehead ; and in a third the tip of Lucifer's tail, lost in conflict with a Syrian hermit.

When relics were not attainable, or were likely to be overshadowed by noted matter of the sort in the neighbourhood, recourse was had to picture, statue, and trick, with very substantial results. Thus, one place accumulated liberal crowds by a weeping Madonna ; another by a crucifix exuding blood or oil ; a third by a figure which groaned ; while the good fathers of Breslau, more original still, attracted and perplexed their visitors by a clever carving, which purported to represent " the Devil wheeling his grandmother in a barrow."

Nor were shrines sought, saints invoked, and relics kissed on merely spiritual grounds. For all possible temporal afflictions--from a pestilence to a plague of rats--there existed special remedies ; and every calamity sent forth crowds to profit by them. St. Lambert was the chosen physician of the epileptic ; St. Odille of the blind ; St. Blaise was infallible in the cure of sore-throats ; a journey to the shrine of St. Appollonia never failed to remove the toothache ; and the barrenest stock grew prolific of olive-branches when washed by the waves of the Jordan. But unquestionably the oddest prayer ever made at a shrine was that of the good Knight Ralph, who " entreated that his body might be over-spread with the foul disease of leprosy, so that his soul might be cleansed from sin," and who, obtaining his desire, died six years afterwards in the odour of sanctity.

The mediæval pilgrim believed as implicitly as Ælian or Pliny that the rippers of Sicily could distinguish between legal and illegitimate children ; he looked upon Etna and Vesuvius as the outlets of Pandemonium ; and he attributed more virtues to the diamond than ever the ancients



dreamed of. According to him that gem preserved the health of its wearer, developed and cherished wit in him, secured his triumph in a good cause, baffled enchantments, dispersed phantoms, paralysed wild beasts, tamed lunatics, and grew moist in the presence of poison; that is, it displayed all these admirable qualities if it had been obtained uncoveted and unpurchased, as a free gift. But it was in favour of his shrine that the pilgrim chiefly delighted to expand his credulity. Marvellous were the things related of those places. In this respect St. Patrick's Purgatory bore away the palm from even the Virgin's house at Loretto and the convent of Sinai—though the former was transported through the air from Palestine; and though the future head of the latter house was always pointed out by the spontaneous ignition of his lamp, and the deaths of his brethren portended by the mysterious extinction of theirs. It appears that the greatest obstacle to the conversion of the Irish was their disbelief in future punishment; they would not credit the existence of Tartarus unless they saw it. This was a source of much trouble to the great missionary. At length he received a revelation which turned his perplexity to joy. He was shown a cave in a desert place, and informed that whoever would spend a night within its precincts should behold the torments of the wicked and the enjoyments of the blessed, and return cleansed of all sin. Immediately St. Patrick enclosed the cave, built an oratory in its neighbourhood, and committed it to the custody of a company of monks. Thenceforth, down even to this very hour, the place became a noted resort of pilgrims. Few, however, were found daring enough to penetrate the dismal vault. Still, the feat was attempted on rare occasions, and yet more rarely achieved, for it was fraught with unexampled terror and exceeding peril. Conspicuous among the few who ventured to explore its recesses and returned to tell the tale, was the knight Owen. This man had rendered his youth infamous by loose and violent living; but, awaking in time to a fit sense of his wickedness, he sought a bishop, confessed, so far as in him lay made reparation, and entreated to be burdened with a penance of suitable severity. Accordingly the prelate, but with some reluctance, desired him to go to the infernal regions, as displayed in St. Patrick's Purgatory, and gave him a letter to facilitate his entrance. Received by the prior, he remained fifteen days in fasting, prayer, and flagellation, by way of preface to his undertaking. At the end of that time a solemn service, including the prayers for the dead, was recited. The monks then led the knight to the entrance of the cave, besprinkled him plentifully with holy water, loaded him with good wishes, and locked the wicket behind him. The knight crossed himself, and stepped boldly forward, like Christian through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The day faded behind him as he went, until at length the passage opened upon a plain that stretched boundlessly through the dim twilight. Before him stood a small chapel—a roof supported by pillars; he entered, and seated himself. In a few minutes, fifteen men, robed in white, with newly-shaven crowns, marched in and saluted him

in the name of the Lord. The leader then addressed him, and commended his resolution, but warned him that he would encounter much risk to soul and body. "The moment we leave you," said he, "a multitude of unclean spirits will set upon you. They will threaten you, torment you, and leave no means untried to turn you back. But as you value your salvation here and hereafter, heed them not. Give way to them but for an instant, and you are irretrievably lost. Be firm, then, and cease not to invoke the name of the Lord. Thus are they to be overcome, and thus only." The fifteen then left him. The knight collected all his courage, and he had full need of it. A multitude of hideous demons thronged in. They threatened, they tempted, and finding him unshaken by these means, kindled a huge fire, flung him in, and dragged him up and down through the blaze with iron hooks. But he called vigorously on the name of the Lord, and the flames had no power to hurt him. Next they dragged him through a black wilderness to a region of woe and calamity. It was thronged with innumerable people, fastened face downwards to the ground with red-hot nails, and tortured by howling fiends. Again he was required to return. He refused, and the demons attempted to inflict upon him the sufferings that he witnessed. Thus he passed through various appalling scenes to that place concerning which Dante writes—"All hope abandon ye who enter here." Thence he was led to a broad and noisome river—spanned by a lofty, narrow, and slippery bridge—"Al Sirat's arch"—which, in spite of opposing demons, he traversed safely until he reached the mansions of the blessed. And here we cannot help remarking that, graphic and precise as they are concerning the place of torment, the monks are altogether vague when they write of heaven. There is one passage, however, in this particular description, that deserves to be preserved:—"A ray of light, descending from God, lit up the whole country; and a sparkle of it settling upon his head and entering his body, the knight felt such a delicious sweetness pervade his heart and frame that he hardly knew whether he was alive or dead." Returning, he met the fifteen in the chapel, and was urged by them to depart quickly. "The day is breaking," said they; "and if the brethren find you not at the gate, they will conclude that you have been destroyed like so many others, and abandon you to your fate." To avert this catastrophe the knight made haste and reached the wicket just in time. The monks received him joyfully, and conducted him with thanksgiving to the altar. There he remained for another period of fifteen days, engaged in fervent prayer; and he left the priory only for a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

There were so many of these shrines, and superstition attached so much sanctity to the pilgrim who had visited the more famous of them, that a perpetual inducement was held out to vagrancy and pilgrimage to rise into a profession. An amusing rover was the professional pilgrim—and as shrewd as he was popular. Brimful of song and story, habituated to travel, and a sharer in many a wild adventure, there was no pleasanter

companion than the palmer during the long winter evenings. His lore was adapted to suit all ages and every variety of taste. He could discourse as eloquently of love and beauty as of martyr and miracle ; he could troll a lively ditty as well as a solemn psalm ; and he could crack a joke as readily as he could quote a homily. He possessed quaint secrets, too, valuable to housewife and farmer, was an excellent judge of cattle, and a veritable clerk of the weather. And his knowledge of the latest fashions of tire and doublet, and the newest tricks at fence—to say nothing of current scandals—recommended him equally to the maidens and youths of the hamlet. He was skilful, also, at compounding love-potions and infallible salves for broken heads, and was an adept in portent and palmistry. He was as welcome to the castle as to the cottage ; and found as comfortable a corner by the abbey fire as in the chimney nook at the alehouse. And he was always secure of a refuge ; for, when his resources were exhausted in one quarter—all his stories told and all his attractions ended—a stroll of ten or a dozen miles would place him within a new circle, as willing to be amused and instructed as the last. Unless, indeed, some irrepressible inclination rendered further flight indispensable. For these wanderers, with their practised tongues and ready wit, made way only too easily with the gentler sex, and very frequently the rosy daughter elected to cast in her lot with the fascinating pilgrim. Nor was that individual altogether useless. He was the newspaper and the circulating library of the day, besides being—unconsciously, indeed, and slowly, but nevertheless surely—the disseminator of civilization. He made distant lands acquainted, and interchanged far and wide the ideas of peoples otherwise sundered. For he was obliged of necessity to traverse the whole extent of Christendom, since the principal shrines—those which no pilgrim could dispense with visiting—lay at its four extremities. To this we owe, among other things, that strange jumble of myth and fable which constitutes the popular legends and superstitions of the Middle Ages—those stories wherein the doings of Djinn, Gnome, and Æsar are so oddly interwoven that it is now well-nigh impossible to distinguish in any of them a distinct nationality. To this, too, we owe the universal prevalence of that legend which represents the favourite hero of every land, from Denmark to Dalmatia, restrained in magic slumber until the extremity of his country shall rouse him to a long career of triumph ; for what is it but a form of that belief so long current in the East concerning the incarnation of Deity ?

Now and then a *bonâ fide* pilgrim—one who really endeavoured to subdue the pangs of remorse, and to atone for enormous crimes by these wanderings—would appear along the routes, appalling all with whom he came in contact with his wretched aspect and still more miserable story. Such a one was that Count of Anjou, the latter portion of whose life was one unending pilgrimage. The perpetrator of previously unheard-of atrocities—the murderer by every fearful means of all his nearest relatives, his brother heading the list—wherever he went he seemed to

see his victims : they haunted his path, they interrupted his prayers, they circled his sleepless pillow, appearing to his desperate sight in all the terrors of their last agonies, wearing his ear with their reproaches, and ceaselessly invoking vengeance on his head.

One of the most astonishing features of the Middle Ages was their wandering associations of penitents. Famines and pestilences were awfully frequent in those days, and destructive far beyond modern experience. Every eight or ten years they came—first dearth, and then the pest—with the utmost regularity. And as the people were taught that these calamities were the manifestations of heavenly wrath provoked by sinful indulgence, while they were accustomed by long habit to resort to penance as a universal remedy, it was but natural that they should endeavour to arrest their ravages by a course of severe asceticism. During the continuance of these plagues, therefore, penance became a mania, and fraternities were established for its better practice. Thus every few years a vast mass of people would suddenly appear in motion from shrine to shrine, praying and mortifying as they went, and gathering recruits at every step. And after exciting universal interest, the band would dissolve as suddenly as it had assembled. These companies were very numerous, counted, indeed, by hundreds ; but every one of them had its features strongly stamped with individuality. Some admitted only the poor, others were limited to males, and one or two were formed exclusively of children. Now and again, too, brotherhoods arose which opened their ranks to those only who professed peculiar opinions. The great majority, indeed, were free to all Christians without distinction of age, sex, rank, or opinion ; but every one of them had some peculiarity of discipline that rendered it strikingly unique. While the greater number of these singular congregations excited a merely temporary interest, a few survived for years, and one or two of the more popular were reproduced again and again, down almost to our own time.

One day—we write of the dawn of the fifteenth century—a countless multitude was seen descending the slopes of the Alps into Italy. Whence it came or how it had originated were mysteries. It might have sprung complete from the glaciers for all that could be told ; and its spectral appearance by no means tended to diminish the universal amazement. A white shroud was wrapped, from forehead to heel, round every member of the host, and concealed them alike from their comrades and the outward world. Some paces in front of this living avalanche stalked the leader, in similar attire, rearing, by way of banner, a lofty crucifix on his shoulder. Who or what he was none knew—name, country, and profession—in all things he remains to this hour as much an enigma as the “man in the iron mask.” Concerning one thing, however, there could be no mistake : for the time being he was a mighty power. His figure was commanding, his voice sonorous, and his eloquence persuasive exceedingly. Now the multitude paused to hear his impassioned declamation ; and anon the

march was resumed to the melody of hymns, which, pealing from ten thousand tongues, rolled through the woods and fields like thunder softened down to music, and exercised an irresistible power over the sympathies of the hearers. Grand as they are at all times, never were the "Dies Iræ" and the "Stabat Mater" so expressive. As it was merely requisite to accompany this attractive band for a very limited period, in order to share the benefits that attached to its sanctity, it soon became very popular. Knights, nobles, and courtly dames thronged to swell its ranks, and a cardinal led the march from Florence to Rome. At length the leader excited the jealousy of the reigning Pope, was seized, and committed to the flames. Excommunication and civil enactments were levelled at his followers in all directions—the first Parliament of Henry IV. passing an Act against them—and the White Brethren dispersed for ever.

The autumn of 1816 saw something quite as strange. Louis Hutin declared war with Flanders, raised an army, and advanced towards the frontiers. His march, however, was stayed by a succession of heavy rains, which spoilt his stores and spread sickness through his ranks. Being thus compelled to return to the capital, the disease was communicated by the troops to the citizens of Paris, and soon became terribly virulent. To propitiate the saints a series of processions was organized, and for several weeks the streets were paraded, daily by an enormous throng. In front marched the ecclesiastics of the capital, plentifully provided with banners, crosses, relics, and all the other paraphernalia of superstition. Then followed the court and its great officers. And behind them trooped a long array of both sexes and every rank, "*in puris naturalibus*;" while such of the populace as could not muster sufficient faith or impudence, as the case might be, to join the naked band, formed a zone around it, and added their portion to the universal prayer. Nor were these scenes confined to Paris—they accompanied the disease from one end of the kingdom to the other. These freaks, like many others of the same period, and several of much later date, were always justified by bishops, anabaptists, and puritans, with Scriptural arguments.

In 1251 all France was dismayed by fearful news from Egypt. Its crusading army had been destroyed, and King Louis and such of his nobles as survived were captives in the hands of the infidel. At this juncture a Hungarian preacher made his appearance. He traversed the country in all directions, denouncing the abominable pride and luxury of the nobles as the cause of the disaster. "Such hands as theirs," he cried, "can never wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the miscreants. That honour the Virgin reserves for the poor and the lowly. And here," he added, raising a hand kept always tightly clenched, "here I bear the summons, written by her own fingers, and carried down to me from heaven by an angel, which calls upon the ploughman and the shepherd to go forth and work the deliverance of the sacred soil." A

hundred thousand of the lowest class soon gathered round his pennon. In the midst of such a mass the Hungarian waxed still bolder. Hitherto he had spared the clergy; but from that time forth his diatribes against sensuality fell far more frequently among them than among the nobles. And, assailing the system as well as the ministers—smiting full at the root as well as at the branches—he poured forth the most extravagant and levelling doctrines. Nor was his the only voice that indulged in these rude philippics. Scores upon scores of his followers emulated his example, mounted the stump in all quarters, and cried just as fiercely and effectively against their temporal and spiritual superiors. And their practices were just as mischievous as their precepts. They were religious and very ceremonious in their way; but neither their ethics nor their rites were exactly such as honesty could always approve of. They displayed, indeed, like many other fanatics and one or two reformers, a remarkable faculty for performing the works of Satan in the name of divinity. Some of them contracted very disorderly marriages, more of them dispensed with the ceremony altogether, and the whole body, forsaking their occupations, lived and enjoyed themselves at the expense of those poor misled creatures who still remained in "the gall of bitterness." The clergy were furious, and well they might be; but they were altogether powerless, for the strength of the nobles was otherwise employed, and the middle-classes, such of them at least as had suffered nothing from the Pastoureaux, had no objection at all to see the vices of their spiritual pastors and masters receive a little well-deserved castigation. One or two of the priests ventured to attend the meetings of the Pastoureaux, in the hope of being able to neutralize the effects of their inflammatory harangues; but they had good reason to regret their folly, for the moment they were recognized they were set upon and beaten without mercy. On the festival of St. Barnabas the Pastoureaux entered Orleans, a city that regarded them with peculiar favour, in solemn procession. Having circled the town with all the pomp and circumstance in which such rabblements delight, drums beating, colours flying, they gathered in groups round their favourite orators. A scholar belonging to the university interrupted one of these spouters, and denounced him to his face, and, what the speaker thought very much more about, to the faces of his auditors, as "a liar, a reprobate, a hypocrite, and a heretic." These epithets, pretty as they were, could not stand comparison for an instant with those the Pastoureaux applied hourly to "the bloated bishops and something-or-other aristocracy." But such a trifling consideration as that could not be expected to sway an excited mob, and so they set upon the student and tore him to shreds in less than five minutes. They next made a rush at the university, beat all the students that came in their way, burnt the library, and massacred five-and-twenty priests out of hand. For a few hours they carried all before them, and mob law, with all its amenities, reigned supreme. But a reaction soon set in. The Orleans outrage inflicted a death-blow on the gathering of the Pastoureaux.

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Respectability withdrew its patronage—in fact, became positively and unequivocally hostile; and, appalled at their handiwork, the Pastoureaux retreated in haste to the fields, split up into factions, struck their tents, packed up their goods, and other people's too—for this kind of reformer delights much in spoiling the Egyptians—and departed in different directions. At first they maintained something like an orderly march, but their steps quickened by degrees as the troops, which a vacillating government at last mustered courage to let loose, drew nearer and nearer. One body, headed by the Hungarian, made its way to Bourges. There the leader announced that, on a certain day, he would perform, not one, but many miracles! A great crowd gathered to witness the marvels, and, as the operator failed to keep his promise, they comforted themselves for the disappointment by knocking him on the head. Another leader escaped to England with a small number of followers, and was torn to pieces by the people of Shoreham. Of the remainder, a good many escaped by resuming their former employments. Enough, however, were slaughtered and gibbeted to sicken the travellers for many a month with their unburied carcases. But the animating spirit was not yet extinguished. It smouldered on for seventy years, and then, in 1320, burst forth in even a fiercer flame. On this occasion, two apostate priests, taking up the text of the Hungarian, gathered similar hordes around them. These mobs encamped in the centre of France, helped themselves by force to whatever they wanted, and sent out numerous missionaries to rouse all their brethren to a similar course. Some of these gentry being imprisoned by the authorities of Paris, a large body of the Pastoureaux marched on the capital, gained an entrance, broke open the prisons, and released their deputies. Then directing their course southward, wherever they came, they hunted up and massacred the Jews, slaying them with such hideous tortures that 500 of these people—who with their families and their property had sought refuge in the royal castle of Verdun—finding the fortress too weak to defend them, actually flung their children from the battlements, and then slaughtered each other, in preference to falling alive into the hands of the Pastoureaux. But the course of these fanatics was nearly run. The Pope excommunicated them; and, becoming involved in the marshes of Lignes-Mortes, they were there hemmed in by the troops until the greater portion of them perished miserably by famine and disease. Of the remainder, a very few were allowed to escape; but so many were hanged that “the trees were split with the weight of their bodies.”

In the summer of 1213 a boy was noticed wandering from town to town in France. His hand was never stretched out for alms, nor his voice subdued into the beggar's whine. He belonged not to the tribe of vagrant students, and still less to that of the mountebank or the pecaroon. Neither did he carry either of those universal passports—the palmer's staff, or the gleeman's cithara. Unlike each and all of these, his mien was saintly and his conduct irreproachable. Wherever he went he



chanted the words, "Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross!" pausing only to indulge in fervent prayer. In a little time he was universally revered as the messenger of heaven, and happy was that house esteemed wherein he deigned to take up his lodging. But soon alarm began to permeate and deepen the awe with which he was everywhere regarded. And truly the effect of his example was appalling. All at once a strange infatuation seized on all the boys of the same age. No sooner was his voice heard in any town or hamlet, than out they poured, mustered in his track, and accompanied him blindly whithersoever it pleased him to direct his course. Bolts and bars were useless to restrain them; tears and prayers to turn them from their purpose. They hastened to quit father, mother, home, everything that was dearest, to follow this strange leader, and chant with him, "Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross!" They came to him by twenties, by hundreds, by thousands. Every day added to the throng, until at length no city would consent to receive them within its walls. Having gathered this great host, he directed its march towards the shores of the Mediterranean. Himself led the way reclining in a chariot lined with cloaks. After him pressed the countless throng chanting, "Lord Jesus, give us back the Holy Cross." And every instant they trampled the weaker to death, as they struggled for the place nearest to their leader's car, for he among them was envied exceedingly who could touch his person or gather a thread from his robe. In the end the whole of them perished on the land or in the sea.

Even more singular were the dancers, who first attracted attention at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1878. A set of ragged wanderers were these who made beggary an article of faith, and who signalized themselves by extreme dissent from the Church, and contempt for its organization. They admitted only the initiated to their private assemblies, which were held at night in secret places, and where it was said they practised the greatest abominations. Wandering about in bands of thirty or forty, their professional poverty, their impassioned earnestness, their frantic rites, and their contempt for persecution, gave them extraordinary power. Wherever they appeared their singular aspect and still more singular reputation attracted multitudes of spectators; and a crowd was all they required to go through their singular performances. In those superstitious times it was almost impossible to witness their furious motions and hear their frenzied shrieks—motions of worship and shrieks of prayer, veritable attempts to take heaven by storm—without being infected by the mania. Indeed their example was as contagious as the plague, and equally dreaded. If we are to credit the annalists of the period—and with the doings of the revivalists in view it would be scarcely fair to disbelieve *all* that they tell us concerning these dancers—no rank, no profession, no place was exempt from the contagion. Wherever it found human life and nerves, there it exercised dominion. Everywhere the dancers became at will the centre of a writhing multitude. And the disjointed ravings of these paroxysms were generally

regarded as prophetic. Nor did the mania depart with the vagabonds who brought it. Wherever the excitement had once fastened it never relaxed its hold. In vain was the axe plied on these enthusiasts and the gibbet loaded with their bodies. They disappeared only when Europe became satiated with their extravagance.

But unquestionably the strangest of all these itinerants of faith were the gloomy flagellants; and, oddly enough, they were also the most tenacious of existence. A singularly impressive picture they present—more like a dismal vision of dreamland than a gathering of human life—a sable host in ceaseless march—each phantom's shoulder bare, the left hand bearing a little wooden cross, and the right a whip, so well applied that the dust in the track of the long procession was dimpled with its blood. Groans, shrieks, and wild ejaculations rose multitudinous, and enveloped the march with a deep dread sound, like the dash of the agitated sea. Wherever that sound alarmed the ear—in the passes of the Apennines, through the German forests, across the fields of France—those who happened to be in the vicinity fled or hid themselves. For the penitential torrent absorbed all who happened to cross its course. No matter who they were nor how employed—no matter how pressed nor how expected—there was no escape for any. Resistance was in vain, remonstrance unheeded. Here the dreary fanatics surprised a troop of beggars, there a band of hunters, yonder a company of traders or a bridal group; and, under penalty of having the flesh flogged from their bones, forced them to become flagellants, until they were released by reaching the next celebrated shrine—Loretto, it might be, or Cologne, or Rheims. History first notices the flagellants in 1260, when the Crusades began to flag. They reappeared again in the fourteenth century, and for ten years perambulated and agitated Europe. This was their palmy day, and it was also the one in which they encountered most opposition from pope and prince, particularly in Germany, where, for the time, they were put down by the Teutonic knights. In 1351, these warriors mustered, and having well prepared themselves for the task, by fasting and prayer, they set upon a body of the flagellants in full march, massacred thousands of them on the spot, and compelled the multitude of their captives to be rebaptized. The flagellants made their last appearance towards the close of the sixteenth century, when Henry III. attempted to render them fashionable. As a flagellant he paraded the streets of Paris in the depth of winter, attended by the dames and gallants of his court, and followed by a long array of rabble, all plying the whip and all suitably apparelled—not a few, as in the days of Louis Hutin—the king being conspicuous by a wreath of skulls twined round his waist. But enthusiasm being the life of these brotherhoods, they speedily died out when adopted by frivolity.

## Camp Life in Abyssinia.

*Antalo, March 10.*

THE public are kept so thoroughly informed by the despatches of the authorities, and by the letters of the special correspondents, as to the general progress of this expedition, and the main features of the people and country through which we are passing, that any details upon these subjects would appear to be quite superfluous. But there is one phase of the expedition, and that a very important one to those engaged in it, which has been hitherto but little touched upon. I mean the actual routine of camp life, the food we eat, and the way we live. It is my intention, therefore, in this article, while speaking of the expedition generally, to endeavour to keep that ground more strongly than any other in view. Let me first depict the tent I am writing in, one of the ordinary English military tents of bell shape. Our party is three in number, known by the *sobriquets* of the "Drayman," so called from his general build and especial development of leg; "the Jockey," or "Lightweight," of about half the weight of the preceding occupant; and the "Professor," so called from a charming egotism, peculiar to himself, of expressing himself in an *ex cathedra* manner upon every imaginable point. Three in a bell-tent is very close work. Fortunately, two of us sleep upon the ground, the third enjoying the luxury of a portable bedstead. Boxes form our chairs and tables. One revolver, and a looking-glass, a thoroughly useless article in this tent, hang from the central pole, and, as the wind is blowing sharply, the whole fabric keeps up a confused flapping and roaring, which renders conversation almost an impossibility. The tent is in comparative darkness, as candles are very precious, and I have the only one alight stuck in a bottle upon the ground beside me; and all three men are smoking with great steadiness. The party present have messed together since we landed at Zoula, more than two months ago; but it is only lately that we have been three in a tent. But to begin at Zoula. It was early in December when we landed, and the dead and dying mules and camels were horrible to see—and worse than that, dense clouds of sand enveloped everything; and a hundred or so of tents, and some piles of commissariat stores, were the sole precursors of what was to be in a short time a large canvas town. It certainly was a wrench to leave our comfortable and well-appointed transport, and to land upon that shifting sand desert. However, there was no help for it, and, with our band playing, and the men cheering as we left the ship's side, we landed as gaily as if we were entering a favourite garrison town. We had heard so much of Zoula, and what had been done there, that I think we

were almost as surprised at seeing only a few tents, a couple of dozen at the most, scattered about, with no native huts or sign of habitation, as was young Martin Chuzzlewit when he found what the thriving town of Eden was in reality. But for the next hour or two we were too busy seeing our own and the men's tents pitched to think about the country. When this was done, and our duties all over, we strolled out together to inspect our new land of promise. It would be difficult to say whether the sense of smell or sight were most offended. We arrived there at the worst time, and dying and dead mules and camels were met with everywhere. The scenes were frightful—worst of all by the waterside. Here half-maddened mules would rush into the sea and drink, and then stagger back to die in the low scrub. By the edge of the sea were camels dead and dying, camels picked clean by vultures, camels half buried, camels which ought to have been buried days before. Farther out in the sea were objects which looked like huge birds, but which were camels lying down in the shallow water. Here they had been lowered from the native dacs in which they had come from Aden; and here very many died, either from pure weakness or drowned by the tide when it rose. In among the bushes other camels were lying—living skeletons. They had struggled to shore, and there they had sunk down, feebly cropping the scanty leaves within reach. It was so horrible that we could talk but little. Then—for it was just watering time—we went to the troughs—miserable-looking things—at which five or six animals at most could be watered. There was a guard to preserve order, but order could not have been kept by ten times as many men. There were hundreds of transport animals, with one driver to each four or five of them. But what could one driver do with five half-mad animals? They struggled, they kicked, they bit, they fought like wild beasts for a drink of the precious water for which they were dying. Besides these led animals were numerous other waifs, which, having broken their head-ropes, had gone out on the plain to seek a living on their own account. For these there was no water. They were beaten off. Most of them, after a repulse or two, submitted to their fate, and went off to die; others fought for their lives, cleared a way to the trough with heels and teeth, and drank regardless of the blows showered on them. It was the most painful sight I ever witnessed in my life. We went back to our tent to eat our dinner in silence, unmindful of the fact that the meat was hard as leather, and full of grit; and then, lighting pipes and cigars, our indignation found words.

"By Jove," the Drayman said, "if I knew who was responsible for all this, I should be inclined to horsewhip him to the last inch of his wretched life, even if I were dismissed the service five minutes afterwards."

"My dear fellow," the Jockey said mildly—he has a hateful way of being sarcastic at times—"you are threatening a non-existent personage. We are in the blame. No one will be blamed. Every one has done his duty in an exemplary way. Some little conflict of departments has occurred, and a few animals suffer. Voilà tout."

"Nonsense!" the Drayman said, angrily. "This is not an ordinary case. Some one must be to blame, some one must be made to suffer for the torture his gross neglect has inflicted on these poor brutes."

"My dear fellow," Lightweight replied, "you take such a hasty view of things! The public does not suffer torture, and takes no account of feelings. If you had said the public will demand a strict investigation into the pecuniary loss consequent on the death of so great a number of animals, you might perhaps be nearer the mark. But who is he?"

"The commanding officer, to begin with," the Drayman said.

"Who is the commanding officer?" the Jockey asked. "I mean who was he before — and — came into harbour?"

There was a pause.

"I have taken some little pains to find out," the Professor rejoined, taking his cigar from his lips, and speaking in the oracular and deliberate way usual to him—"I have taken some little pains to find out, and I am told that there was no officer whatever in command."

"Nonsense, man! there must have been some one in command."

"I can assure you that there was no one in command. There was a head of the commissariat, a head of the quartermaster's department, a head of the transport train, each of whom did his best for himself; but there was no one in command, no one to direct operations."

"But," the Drayman cried, impatiently, "there are lots of colonels—there's A, B, C, and D, for instance—one of them must have been in command."

"The four officers you have named," the Professor answered placidly, "started a fortnight since for Senafé, leaving things here to take care of themselves."

"Do you mean to tell me that these men went off at a time when two or three ships a day, full of men and animals, were arriving; that they every one went away, and, as you put it, left things to take care of themselves, and did not even put any one in command to keep them straight?"

The Professor nodded.

"Then, by Jove," the Drayman furiously exclaimed, "the British public will insist on these men explaining their conduct."

"Well," said the Jockey, "I will bet you three to one that there is nothing whatever said about it?"

But the Drayman thought that impossible—proving to his own satisfaction that the present was the very grossest case of mismanagement which ever happened in the annals of the British army.

Perhaps it was so; but for all that, four months have elapsed, and the Jockey has been justified. Every one has been praised and thanked, and some soldiers have been promoted. The dead animals have been buried, and so has the disposition for inquiry.

"What is this nastiness I am drinking?" one of our party asked, when the conversation had at last exhausted itself upon the horrible state of things around us.

After two or three tastings, it was unanimously agreed that we were drinking salt-water, mixed with brandy. Our servant was called. He, in his turn, summoned the water-carrier, who declared that it was obtained from the tanks. There was nothing more to be said, so we threw away the contents of our glasses and ordered tea. Then a black mixture was brought, intensely bitter, and with no taste whatever of tea. We gave up in despair, and resolved to go to bed.

Lightweight had got on his pyjamas, and was about to get into his blankets, when the Professor said quietly,—“I should advise you to examine your bed before you lie down; there is something running across it now.” The something was a scorpion. After a sharp hunt the creature was killed, and after a careful examination we wrapped ourselves in our rugs, the Jockey making, meanwhile, anxious inquiries of the Professor as to the effects of a bite of a scorpion, and the remedies. “I fancy by what I have heard,” he said finally, “that the best plan, if one is bitten, is to cut the place out. Look here, Professor, I have put my open knife, matches, and a candle, on this box. If you hear me holla, you jump out and strike a light, and lose no time in cutting away before it spreads.”

Our duties at Zoula could hardly be termed light. The men were constantly on fatiguing duty—unloading stores from the lighters, carrying railway-sleepers, furnishing guards at the water-tanks, and so forth. The heat was great, but not overpowering; but the dust was almost appalling. Had it not been for the morning and evening bath in the sea, I do not know what we should have done. Barbers were in great request. Every one had his hair cut as short as scissors could cut it; and any one landing might have guessed, from our appearance, that he had just arrived at a convict settlement. For the first week we struggled for existence upon food cooked by our soldier servants, eked out with preserved meats, ham, and sticks of chocolate. The united invention of our three servants could only produce three dishes, which they called Irish stew, beef-steak, and roast-beef. The extreme toughness of the stew, the leathery nature of the steak, and the perfect dryness of the beef rendered them alike abominable. They worked our jaws to a standstill; and had it not been for the aid of the preserved meats, I believe we should have starved. “My dear fellows,” the Lightweight said, after one of these banquets, “you may say what you like, but this cannot go on. We must get a native servant, cost us what it may.” For once there was perfect accord among us; and three days afterwards we were fortunate enough to receive a Goa Portuguese, whose late master had brought more servants than he was able to take on with him. He proved to be a capital fellow, and a first-rate cook; and our little mess was the admiration of the regiment. Fortunately the Professor combined with his other admirable qualities that of a good shot, and many a guinea-fowl has he brought in as an addition to our larder. There is no better bird eaten than a guinea-fowl when well cooked. It is larger than a pheasant, and more tender.



It has a much more decidedly game flavour, and tastes indeed somewhat between a pheasant and a grouse.

Long before we left Zoula we had the satisfaction of seeing the terrible state of things I have described entirely altered. Sir Charles Staveley took matters in hand, and ere long everything was going on smoothly. Troughs were set up at which fifty animals could drink at once; and remembering the scenes we had witnessed when we first landed, it was now a pleasure to go down and see the long lines of mules come up and drink their fill. The bad days through which they had passed had, however, done their work. Disease was engendered, which sooner or later told upon the animals; and although a large number, no doubt, died of disease engendered in the country itself, it is certain that a much larger number died of lung-disease brought on by insufficient water and food. Accordingly, the transport train was crippled; and instead of the troops for the advanced division being at Senafé with a good supply of stores by the end of December, they were not ready for an advance until the first week in February. This, however, is not a subject to be entered into in a letter the object of which is to give a picture of camp life.

If the supply of water of these animals increased before we left Zoula, that issued to us decreased greatly. Very stringent regulations were made, according to which three quarts of water became our daily allowance. This was for cooking, drinking, and washing. At most, a quart remained for the latter purpose; and this in a climate where the thermometer in our tent stood at 105, where one was in a permanent state of perspiration, and where the dust blew in such thick clouds that one could not see twenty yards! When we stopped in our tent it was well enough; but we came in from fatigue-work so covered with a crust of dirt as to be absolutely unrecognizable. The Drayman and the Professor, who took their swim twice a day, were able to bear this philosophically. Lightweight, however, a man of delicate habits, and very particular as to his dress and get-up, and who, moreover, did not swim, and had an objection to salt-water, because, he said, it made him sticky all over, became positively plaintive over this state of things. He would come in from a fatigue-party, sit down upon a box, take down the looking-glass, and groan out his usual complaint: "Good heavens! here am I, a gentleman by birth and education, living to see myself with my hair cut off, and my face a mask, an absolute mask of dirt. I am positively gritty all over with sand, and am asked to wash in a teaspoonful of water!"

We were all delighted when we got the order to march forward. Anything more dusty than the march to Koomaylo can hardly be conceived; but we did not mind it, for we knew we could get as much water as we liked there. We stopped at Koomaylo for nearly a week, and the change from Zoula was delightful; the heat perhaps was nearly as great, but there was a perfect absence of dust. The Professor brought in several deer. The soldiers used to go off across the hill in chase of troops of enormous baboons, which it is unnecessary to say they



never caught. The dogs came up with them several times; but the minute they seized one of their number, his companions attacked them and beat them off. The number of transport animals at Koomaylo was enormous; but, fortunately, the supply of water from the little American pumps was unailing. The water, too, was excellent, and actually quenched one's thirst; whereas the distilled water at Zoula had no such effect. The Professor found quartz in abundance scattered about, as indeed there was no difficulty in doing, and affirmed that he was of opinion that gold would be found in the bed rock of the stream; but as he could give no acceptable reason for his belief, and never found a trace of gold—although he was always going out with his basin to wash—his assertion was received with incredulity, especially as we never saw any gold ornaments whatever upon the native women. I have not yet spoken of the natives. I should say that their principal characteristics were laziness and dirt. Still it must be said for the Shohos that in the first respect they are beaten hollow, and in the latter at least rivalled, by their Abyssinian brethren upon the plateau lands. The Shohos could be got to do some sorts of work. They would stand in a chain down to the water in the wells where there were no pumps, and would pass buckets from hand to hand. They would, too, assist to dig wells; whereas an Abyssinian considered it beneath his dignity to do any work whatever. As a general thing, however, the principal occupation of the lives of both people is loafing, pure and simple. They wander about listlessly with their clubs or spears over their shoulders, or squat for hours upon the ground, with their faces pressed hard against their chests and their dirty cotton robes tightly wrapped round both limbs and body. The effect of this is very curious; for the legs of these natives are fairly comparable to pipe-stems, their bodies are little thicker than their legs, and so they look like troops of strange birds, squatting together in groups of five or six.

At last we got the order to move forward in earnest. The bugles were to sound at half-past five in the morning. Why at half-past five in the morning was more than to this moment any one has been able to discover. Every one has to get up before it is light; every one is out of temper; the tents are wet with dew; no one has time to get breakfast before starting; the mules, too, are unfed and unwatered; the tents have to be struck and the packing done before it is fairly light. And why? No one can tell. It is all very well in India, where it is too hot to march in the middle of the day, but here there is no reason whatever for it. The hottest portion of the twenty-four hours by far is between eight and ten, before the breeze springs up. If our march was twenty or five-and-twenty miles in length, there would be some reason in it; but as, since we reached the plateau land, they have not averaged more than eleven or twelve, one is at a loss to understand the motive of getting the troops up and off so early. We have often talked this over in our tent, and always without arriving at any satisfactory explanation. The Professor says that "the official mind is a wonderful and complicated machine." The Drayman

remarks that "he wishes he had the command for a week or two." The Professor says, "Then, in that case, his mind, which is now a singularly simple one, would also become a complicated machine." The Drayman cries "Balderdash!"

I do not describe the gorge up to Sono—what with description and prints you must know all about it by this time. At Sono the Lightweight came in triumphant, but breathless, with a goat he had purchased for a rupee, and which he had had a great struggle with on his way to the tent. The Drayman expressed his admiration of the purchase in suitable terms. The Professor was silent: but at last inquired, "What do you mean to do with that goat?" "Eat him, of course." "Let me know what day you propose the feast shall take place," the Professor said calmly; "I will dine in some other man's tent. That is a he-goat, and fifty years old at least."

Lightweight did not say any more on the subject, nor do I know what he did with the goat; but it certainly never appeared at table. That night was not a peaceful one. We had two alarms—the one from without, the other from within the tent. We were awoken by the sentry posted not far behind us shouting something. That we heeded little. Then came a tremendous jerking at the ropes of the tent, which threatened to bring the whole affair to the ground. We all jumped up and rushed out. There stood a camel, who had strayed up and in his wanderings had nearly brought down our tent. We rushed out and drove him off with stones; the ground, however, being stony, and strewn over with small pieces of the thorny wood, we suffered severely in so doing. The camel appeared to have a peculiar affection for our tent, for he was continually returning throughout the night, and keeping us on the *qui vive* by getting close to the tent-ropes. At one time, however, we really thought he was gone, and were just getting off to sleep when the Lightweight woke us with a piercing cry, "Good gracious, something is biting me horribly! By Jove, I can't get him off! Strike a light, you fellows." We struck a light hastily, and found that the assailant was a large camel-tick, which had fastened upon our friend's leg, and had to be taken off piecemeal, for he would not let go his hold. Several others of his species were also discovered wandering about on the bed, and we found that we had encamped on a spot where camels had been at some time or other stationed, and that the place swarmed with their abominable vermin. They are about the size of sheep-ticks, and are of leaden colour; their bite is very severe, as the Jockey's leg, which was very much swollen up by the morning, sufficiently testified. We did not sleep any more that night, but kept the candle alight, rolled up our beds, and spreading our white waterproof sheets upon the ground, sat on the middle of them, so as to be able to perceive any insect advancing to attack us. I shall not speedily forget that night at Sono.

The next two marches to Rayraz Guddy were wearisome and monotonous in the extreme, round and round endless turnings and windings of the valley, every mile being just like the last. The men, too, felt their

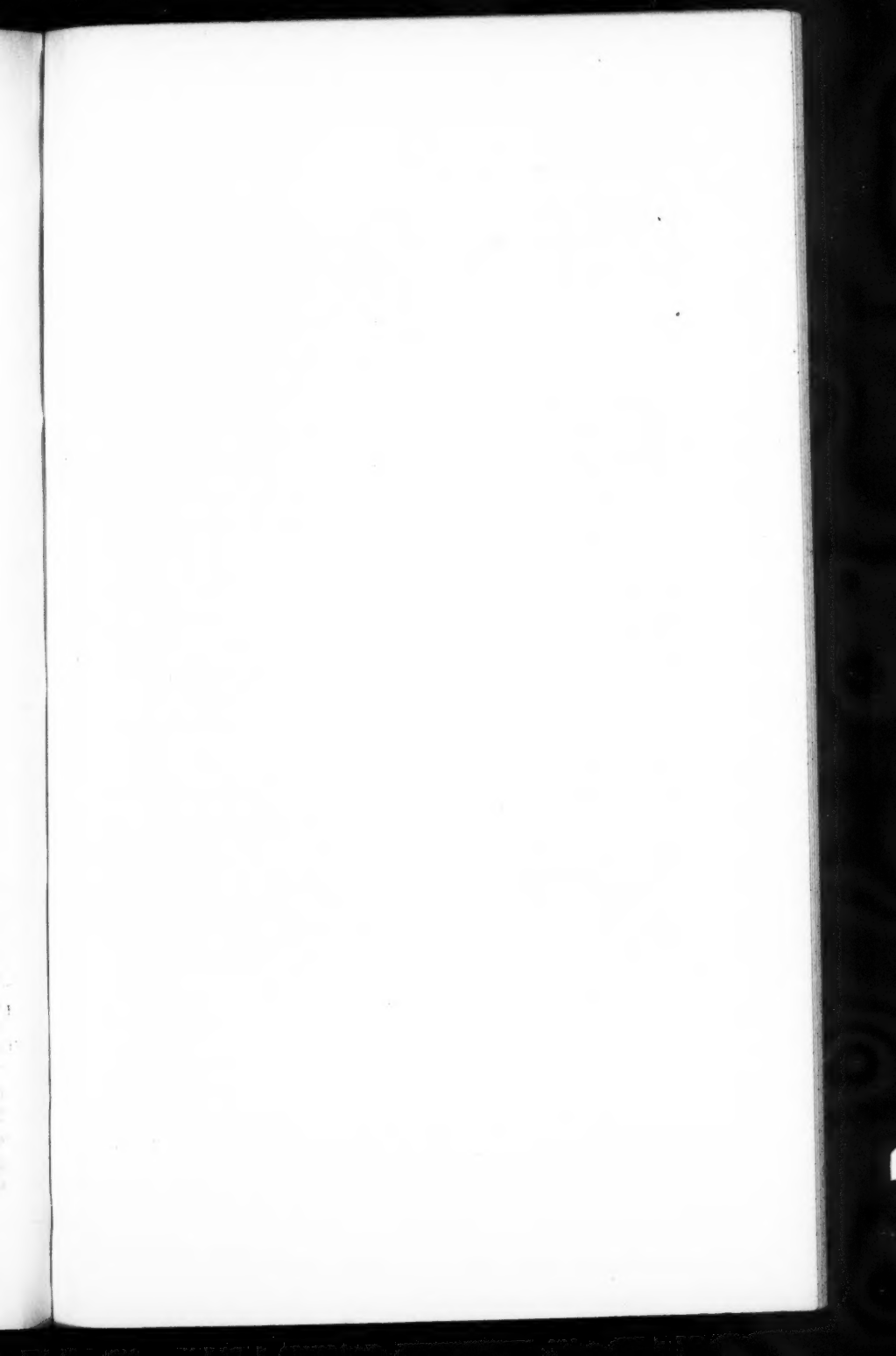
marches very much; there was no water to be had on the way, and they soon drank up that in their canteens. In addition, many of them not having had any marching for weeks, began to be footsore. And at Rayraz Guddy we felt a sensation which we had not experienced for some time: this was cold. The first to remark upon it was the Lightweight, who is a chilly subject, having no flesh to speak of on his bones. He came in from duty just as dinner was ready, rubbing his hands, "I say, you fellows, it's awfully cold." "Nonsense! cold?" the Drayman said. "It's glorious, it's refreshing; I have not felt so jolly for months." But as the evening wore on even the Drayman was obliged to confess that it was very cold indeed. The native servants went about the camp with their teeth chattering, and kept up such a coughing and groaning all night as only a chilly Hindoo can. Even in the tent, rolled up in rugs, it was undeniably very cold; and at daybreak cold water was indulged in far more sparingly than usual. Lightweight was quite touching on the subject. He had, he said, exchanged into a regiment in India entirely because he could not bear an English winter, and to be sent to a place which he was certain was nearly as cold as the North Pole, and to have to sleep with only the protection of a thin canvas tent, was very hard upon him. That night, however, was certainly the coldest we experienced, for even at Senafé the thermometer never went below freezing-point, whereas at Rayraz Guddy a film of ice formed over water in the open air. On the bare plain of Senafé we stopped for some time. There we bargained with the natives, did a little shooting, finished our stock of preserved meats and liquors, and had to subsist entirely upon rations, varied occasionally by game and commissariat rum. This last was at first declared to be undrinkable; but as time wore on it was astonishing how we took to it, and how great a privation it would have been had the issue been stopped. At last, when we were all getting very sick of Senafé, Sir Robert Napier came up, and in less than a week afterwards we received the welcome order to advance. Our first day's march was an easy one, for the sappers had cleared the road; the second was long but not difficult; the third, into Attegrat, was short, but there was one tremendous descent. Here we had occasion to admire the exertions of the Professor, who happened to be our baggage-guard. The baggage had started first, but the number of breakdowns was so great that we came upon them at the top of this descent. All down the narrow road on the face of the hill animals were lying down, or standing with their loads on their necks. Half-way down, in a most precipitous spot, a mule was on the point of falling, the load having got nearly on his ears. Two soldiers had by the Professor's direction got in front, and were almost carrying the load, which at that place it was impossible to remove. The weight, however, was too great upon such difficult ground, and mule, baggage, and men had a fair chance of a very ugly tumble—when the Professor, who was behind this mule, seized it by its tail, hung on with all his weight, and so acted as a skid till the animal reached a more level spot, where the load could be taken off. We had a laugh at him as we passed, but

he replied imperturbably, "That animal carried my aneroid barometer and our last dozen of brandy." We were too grateful to the Professor to say another word. Attegrat was more infested by jackals and hyenas than any other place we came to. They made the night hideous with their yells and whinings, and we several times went outside the lines to terrify them with a stone. Of course fire-arms were not allowed. The fair here was very amusing, with its closely packed squatting figures, its animals, cloth, and vegetable markets. The two great events at Attegrat were the visit of Tigré's ambassador and a thunder-storm. The first, as a public event, was perhaps the more important, the second interested us personally very much the more. The ambassador's visit, however, was the prior event, and should therefore be first spoken of. Breakfast was just over, and we were discussing whether or no we should go out for a stroll, when the Professor entered. He had gone out towards Attegrat, he said, to collect antiquities, but that was of course humbug, for up to the present time he had only bought a prayer-book or two, or an old ham, for a dollar each. However, the Professor, as the Jockey says, "fancies himself" upon the subject of antiquarianism, as well as a dozen other-isms, and maintains that his prayer-books are quite different, and very much superior, to any others which either have been or could be purchased in Abyssinia. The Professor does not, even according to his own confession, understand more than three Abyssinian words, and he gives no reasons for the great superiority of his purchases over ours. He says we should not understand him; and I think this possible. The Professor, then, entered, and put an end to our discussion. "If you fellows want to see the King of Tigré, you had better come out at once." And we accordingly went, and found a strange procession approaching the camp, preceded by the warlike music of the stirring tom-tom, surrounded by a *cortège* of warriors, arrayed in dirty cotton, and armed with spears and with matchlocks, probably purchased from Chinese traders about the era 3000 B.C. Of the ambassador himself it can only be said that he was like unto his following, as dirty and as vagabond-looking as the rest of them. Presently our bugles sounded, and we had to buckle on our swords and form up in front of the camp. Thence we were marched in front of the Commander-in-Chief's tent, and were drawn up with our bands behind us at a distance of about fifty yards. The rest of the troops also formed in line, and then the mongrel procession marched up and the ambassador entered the tent, the two military bands playing as loudly as they could, and entirely different airs. However, I do not suppose he noticed anything extraordinary about it. The Professor, who was not on duty, was in the tent, and told us afterwards that the conversation which ensued was the very dullest thing he ever listened to. He suggested a number of topics of interest which might have been advantageously discussed; among others, some scientific point, which we understood to be the relation which the ancient Coptic language had, in the opinion of the ambassador, in the formation,

modification, and origin of the primitive Abyssinian dialects. Some of his other suggestions were equally remarkable for abstruseness, and he was strongly advised to embody them in a Memo, and to present them to Sir Robert Napier in case of another interview. The rain affected us much more intimately than the durbar had done. It had threatened rain for two previous days, and we therefore paid little attention to the heavy black cloud. When it began, however, it came down in a sheet, and in five minutes we had a stream three inches deep rushing through the tent. Before we had time to prepare, the beds upon the ground were under water, and everything was soaked through. The Professor—who alone had stuck to his bed—sat upon it, chuckling at his superior sagacity; but the laugh went against him afterwards, when it was discovered, upon turning out everything after the shower was over, that some tobacco which he had that morning taken from his trunk, and put upon the ground under his bed to be out of the way, was quite saturated. Up to Attegrat we had been very well off for tent accommodation, as we had been only three in one of the large tents known as “native routies;” but these were now to be left behind, and we were packed three in a bell-tent. It was at Ad Abaga, however, three days’ march farther on—where we waited for five days for the King of Tigré—that our ideas of comfort received the rudest shock. The Drayman brought in the news. (The Drayman is perhaps too devoted to his personal comforts; he is a peaceful man, but is apt to get extremely irate if interfered with.) He came in red hot; he was in a passion; something serious had evidently happened. “Have you seen the general order?” We had not. What was it? The Drayman steadied himself to tell us: it was evidently most serious. At last he spoke. “It is proposed that the troops march forward without either rum, tea, or sugar.” We were silent; the news was bad beyond our worst anticipation. No rum, tea, or sugar! it seemed impossible. The Professor spoke, “For myself,” he said, with that calmness which distinguishes him, and which was only disturbed upon the great occasion of the destruction of his tobacco at Attegrat—“For myself, I care little; but the troops will all be in hospital in a fortnight. No constitution in the world can stand hard work and nothing but dirty water to drink.” “I am very sorry for the troops,” the Jockey said, “but I am quite as sorry for myself. The tea and sugar I should not mind.” As indeed he would not; for his tastes having been vitiated by an early life among sporting associates, he eschews milder drinks, and even at breakfast drinks arrack and water, utterly disregarding any hints upon our part as to the fair allowance of spirits. “The tea and sugar I should not mind; but how in the name of goodness am I to go on without spirits? What a fool I was to come into the army! To think that I should have to come to drink nothing but dirty water. I consider that Government took the price of my commission under false pretences. I paid so much for the honour of fighting, of doing innumerable parades and other hateful work; and all this for the mere interest

of my own money. But I did not bargain for drinking dirty water. I never read the Articles of War, but I am certain that dirty water is not as much as mentioned." Lightweight's lament was so earnest and pathetic that we had a laugh, and felt better tempered at once. This Draconian decree, which, if carried out, would certainly have been attended with the worst results as to the health of the troops, was never enforced; for such an abundance of stores and native carriage was obtained at Antalò, that rations, although upon a reduced scale, are still issued to the troops of both rum and tea and sugar. One of the greatest privations, as far as officers are concerned, is want of candles. None have been issued since we landed, and the consequence is, that there are now hardly any left in camp. Substitutes have, of course, been improvised: empty tins of chocolate have been converted into rough lamps; and in these, ghee, or native butter, is consumed with a more or less satisfactory result. A consequence is, that very early hours are perforce kept, and by nine o'clock the great majority of officers are in bed. Indeed, there is little to promote conviviality. Many brought cards with them; but even a rubber is hardly a sociable game when played almost in the dark, and without any accompanying refreshment. I have only seen one game attempted since we landed. Until we reached this place, the prospects of the campaign looked dreary indeed. We could bring no supplies except meat at any price. The transport train was taxed to the utmost to keep our immediate wants supplied, and no one could see the end of the business at all. Thanks, however, to the enormous supplies of flour and other stores which we have purchased here, thanks to the unlimited amount of native transport which has been offered to us, we shall go forward in a few days with every hope of being at Magdala in three days from the date of starting hence. Every one has the greatest confidence in Sir Robert Napier; and we look forward to being out of this country by June. All are especially anticipating a fight at Magdala. The Jockey says that he shall not mind even short commons of rum if King Theodore does but fight. The Drayman pooh-poohs the idea of fighting with such fellows as these. The Professor utters mysterious sayings about manuscripts and antiquities he expects, or says he expects, to find at Magdala. Why Theodore should bother himself with manuscripts and antiquities is known only to the Professor himself.

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AN APPEAL FOR PROTECTION

## Donhoe.

## CHAPTER V.

## UP HILL.



THE whole scene had come and gone like a bad dream. No one alluded to it in that stern and silent household. Cecily did not even know whether her father had seen her distress, or suspected who the dead man was, and Rupert kept the strange story in his heart, and never uttered a word. Grief, when it does not melt and improve, makes a nature bitterer and harder, and Cecily seemed to grow both: the strongest wines are said to make the sharpest vinegar.

The boy, sternly treated and repressed at home, was beginning to feel the pleasure of inspiring the fear and sense of hatred which he himself endured. No master is so cruel as the fag who has been unmercifully bullied; the slave who is kicked and beaten delights in nothing so much as being able to pass on the kicks and blows. Rupert was nearly fifteen, and the bad spirits were fast winning the battle in him.

One evening he was leaning over a gate, through which the cows were to be driven home; there was a glorious array of gold and crimson clouds, but it was not the beautiful sunset (on which he was turning his back) that made him pause, but only the feeling of evening: the sensation—not the idea of rest—was upon him. The cows had strayed up "Ave Lane." Roads there were scarcely any in the district; but the track wound along, with a magnificent margin of green turf on both sides: capital galloping ground, arched over by tall elms and ash, with here and there a great oak standing out upon the grass. "Ave Lane" led to the "Bedeswell." The Catholicism of so many hundred years crops up like the boulders left of some destroyed strata of rock. It is only wonderful indeed that remains of it are not oftener found in the tenacious memory of the people, when one considers the strong hold it possessed for so many hundred years over every event in life.

The cows were passing in and out of the patches of bright light and green shadow which lay across the path, the day had been excessively hot, and they had taken refuge in the shady lane from the glare of the sunshine. At the well stood a very little girl, trying to dip a small can into the lowered water: the light fell on her bright hair and striped blue-and-white petticoat, and Rupert watched her in the idle way with which one's eyes receive pictures of things that do not concern them. In our Northern nations, the sense of beauty is the result of cultivation; it does not often grow naturally among the uneducated.

Suddenly a very inoffensive cow, whose affections had been wounded by the loss of her calf, uplifted her voice lugubriously, and lowered her horns at the child, who took refuge in the greatest possible fright by Rupert's side, and seized hold of his hand, still clinging closely to her can. He looked down surprised at the small trusting thing beside him; the habit of feeling and inspiring fear and dislike had become so strong in him that the sense of being appealed to for help and protection seemed strange. She kept close to him as he slowly drove back his cows.

"Where do ye come from?" said he to her at last.

"Father and mother's come to live at Old Moor. Father was old Mrs. Blizard's nevy." Rupert knew that fresh tenants had just arrived at the farm nearest to Hawkshill. "The well's gone dry in the house, and mother can't abide the water in the yard, so I'm fetchin' this along o' her tea. Won't you set me across the field where there's the big bull?"

Rupert went moodily and unwillingly on with the child, hardly speaking till they reached the farmyard gate, where the father was standing with a pitchfork in his hand looking out for her.

"What, ye was afeard o' the dun cow, wer ye? I know her were bawling for her cauf all the night through, that's where 'twas," said the farmer, turning to Rupert, with a tender smile at his child, the apple of his eye. "And so the little maid have a coaxed ye to bring of her home, have she? She's a big little coward, that's what she is." He was a great burly man, with a voice like a trumpet, but a quiet temper, and a nature like one of his own immense sleek cart-horses.

"So you're Pangbourne's grandson, up at Hawkshill? I was a coming for to see him about that broken fence into the lane after sundown. You go and speak to mother: she's uncommon lassid to-night, what wi' the heat and the bad water—it tastes so it does, agin the churn-house, says she, as she can't drink it, and there were nobody but the little wench to go for a can to the spring."

Rupert followed unwillingly into the house. There is a certain point where it is easier for shyness and awkwardness to go on than to turn back. "Oh, if I had but run away at first," he muttered to himself as little Mary dragged him into the front kitchen.

"Eh, my ducky," cried her mother as they came in, "why, I've been

quite put out and chastised wi' thinking of ye, ye were so long and the bull so mischiefful."

Mrs. Blizzard was a good woman and a good housewife, but her appearance belied her. Gentility was her stumbling-block and rock of offence. It was gentility under difficulties, for she hardly ever saw any one beyond the precincts of her own house and at church throughout the year; but the fine words which she used right and left were such a source of enjoyment to her that no one could grudge her the satisfaction. She was a perfect mistress of the language, and "not a word, however far out of hearing, but came at her command;" and as she spoke the dialect of the county in great perfection, it added to the effect. She wore long dangling curls, and had a generally lackadaisical, affected air, which in that secluded place was curiously inappropriate.

"And how do you do, Mr. Pangbourne?" said she, languidly. "I really suffer such inability with the heat as I could scarce get through the butter; and butter, Mr. P., is a thing that yer know it won't come right, not by no means."

"The cow run at me, mother, and he brought me in," said Mary.

"Well, 'tis a mercy, child, as yer found any one about, I'm sure. It's particular lonesome and tiresome here. I've been accustomed to good company like, where we was before, t'other side county, and it seems here as there ain't nothink but the cows to speak to (which I'm sure there's enough o' them," she added, parenthetically; "seventy has the master, and forty on 'em in milk). I just straggled down the garden but now: the perfumerie of the clove pinks is re'ly beautiful, but I was so shattered with the butter as I could hardly go; and then the smell of them clats, which I ain't used to, seemed just to terrify me so as I'm all in a muzz."

But before Mrs. Blizzard had nearly finished her complaints, as she all the while went on setting the tea-things, Rupert had torn away his hand from Mary and escaped at a run.

A day or two after, he had been driven into a furious passion by his grandfather's taunts. "We ayn't used to no such ways at Hawkshill," said he, "rakin' o' oats o' that fashion all of a ruck, and I won't ha' it done." Rupert flung himself behind a stack in the field, where he lay throwing the loose straw angrily about him, when a little hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Have you hurted yourself, poor boy?" said Mary, tenderly.

"Go away, I don't want you," he answered, in a savage tone. The child remained sitting silently by him; they were both quite still. "What are you waiting for?" said he—a little less wrathfully, however, this time.

"Nothing," replied she. He raised his head: she was kneeling in the grass watching him; he turned away again. "Ruby, I think I saw the hedgepig run but now into that deep hole in the bank where ye telled me the rabbits had their burries."

It is a great art to be able to administer the right consolation at the

right moment. Rupert started up, and in another minute was in pursuit of the "hedge-pig," which, luckily for itself, had retired; but the boy plunged his arm up to the shoulder into the burrow, and brought up successively five infant rabbits.

"Oh, Ruby!" cried the child, in an ecstasy of delight as he put one warm little downy ball after another into her lap. It was like a conjuring trick or the gifts of a good fairy.

"They'll make a nice pie," said Rupert, barbarously.

"They mustn't be eaten," sobbed Mary, and with an effort of heroic virtue she put them back into their hole to save their lives. "You'll come down to us to-morrow?" said she, anxiously, getting hold of his hand and afraid she might have displeased him. "Mother allays has a pie o' Sundays," she added, in conciliation.

There was a cloth on the table as he awkwardly shuffled into the kitchen the next day, and Mrs. Blizard insisted on his washing his hands. "What a deal o' rout about nothing, the pie ain't worth it," grumbled he, intensely bored by such forms and ceremonies.

"And now," said Mary, getting on his knee after dinner, "you're a goin' to show me the pictures in the big book."

All went on well at first, as she undertook the explanations herself (and at great length.) At last, however,—

"What's that chap doin' wi' the babby and the big knife?" said he.

"Oh, Ruby, it's Solomon and the judging and the mothers!" said she, much shocked; "don't ye see the letters?"

"I can't read, and I don't want to," answered he, doggedly; "it's all very well for girls."

"Nay, lad, there thou'st quite out: it ain't nought to be proud on. A farming man wants it more nor a girl, wi' the markets," said the farmer, who heard him as he went out at the door. "A man's a deal more o' a man if he can read; but maybe ye're too old for to learn, that's one thing."

"I could do it fast enow an I choosed," muttered Rupert, angrily.

"Won't you learn, Ruby dear?" said the little girl, in a low voice; "the letters is so quick to get, and *Tom Thumb's* such nice readin'—when it isn't Sunday," she added, conscientiously.

Partly from opposition and partly from ambition, Rupert set doggedly down to begin, and when the farmer returned he found them hard at work. Presently the infant professor jumped down from her pupil's knee and ran up to him.

"Father, what does p-l-o-u-g-h spell?" said she, in a low whisper.

The farmer's jolly laugh pealed under the rafters of the old kitchen.

"'Tis so comikle for to see her like a little dog a carryin' the word in her mouth as 'twere, for to learn the lad."

"Now, father," said Mrs. Blizard, "don't you go for to daunt 'um like that. I've been quite cheered and nourished in my heart for to see them. She's a very choice child is Mary, and ye mustn't go for to backen her when she've a mind to do for to improve the lad."

Mary certainly did not require to be discouraged in her task. Rupert was by no means an easy or an agreeable pupil, though he was clever enough.

"I hate them books," he broke out from time to time as the lessons went on, flinging them on the ground and contradicting his patient little instructress savagely; but by the united efforts of the whole family he learned to read for all that.

He had established a curious kind of influence over the child: she attended implicitly to all his whims and obeyed all his behests as far as they were possible, and endured his reproaches when they were not; and Mrs. Blizzard was often a good deal annoyed at the sort of way in which he tyrannized over her.

"There's a curate what's to come instead of old Mr. Rogers a ridin' over from Norlands," said Mary one day, "and he's a goin' to lodge here, as there isn't another place convenient."

"Then I'll ne'er come nigh the house agin," answered the boy, violently. "I can't abide a parson. What for did you let 'um do it? you don't care a bit about me."

Mary looked as pained as if there had been reason in his complaints, but she said nothing.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### FIRE IN THE RICK-YARD.

TOWARDS the beginning of winter Claude Morris, the parson, appeared, though only for a few days to read himself in. He was a very young man, fresh from college, who had taken the miserable curacy of Avonhoe as a title to orders. There was no sort of parsonage belonging to it, and after some search he had established himself with Mrs. Blizzard as the best chance of comfort. He was a small thin man, with very light hair and eyebrows, and a generally washed-out look not at all impressive. "He ain't much of a one for to look at," had been the verdict as he passed through the "street"\* (consisting of five houses). There was something, however, about his sermon which made his hearers, used to the droning of the big old rector, look about them as they sat on the curious carved benches; not at all, however, approvingly.

Claude, after speaking to a few of his hearers and receiving somewhat shy and ungracious answers, walked away, and as the scanty congregation streamed out at the door, it discussed the new parson by no means altogether to his advantage.

"It were writ, and I don't consider it be Gospel when 'tis writ," said Benyam, consequentially—who, for a wonder, had graced the church on this great occasion, and as he rarely troubled the service was extremely particular about the quality of his doctrine. "The other t'other were a man

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\* "Watting Street," "Akeman Street," "street" meaning only road.



o' eddication like, and a run on as fast as a mill-stream. And I don't see what call this un has for a' them hard words about sin. I bean't a bit worse nor my neighbours as he should talk at me so" (Benyam was convinced that the preacher had been addressing himself specially to him). "And then a' that about the Devil hammering away at us like the bullets agin the church door, and we was to kip 'im out same wise; it isn't in the Bible I tak' it!"

They were still standing in the porch, where the evidences of Cromwell's assault were clearly visible in the bullet-holes which remained in the stout old oaken door, to which the preacher had appealed, to the great scandal of this critical part of his audience.

"Yes, I bean't sure as it's just lucky," said the old ratcatcher, who generally found his ferrets much too active on Sundays to enable him to go anywhere where it would not be considered seemly to take them with him, but had also made a sacrifice to hear the new parson. "You may serat and serat away ever so long, but if ye perseweres and comes up to the dodder \* at last, he shows fight; and I take it if them preachers angers a body about his sins, he'll not git 'um for to come to church at all, for to be hit betwixt the eyes o' that fashion!"

"I wish as everybody 'd be after minding their own business and let we alone," replied Benyam. "There's the poor-rate so high as I can scarce make the rent and my livin' out o' the land."

"What's the use o' them quarter sessions, and what's the magistrates about as they don't look to sich like, as they did a ought to, I should like to know?" said Farmer Bathe.

"And the Parliament House," growled Benyam, "and the rents so mortal high?"

"Well, I'm glad I ha'n't anythink further to do wi' land, nor rents either; but I must be arter gettin' off home. How wonderful short the days be," said Simon, remembering the ferrets.

Rupert had sauntered on, not much interested by the discourse of the village magnates, and, turning the corner of the church, he came upon a group complaining of Benyam and his fellow-farmers as they were doing of their superiors.

The boy himself was almost without any class feeling; he was "only a lodger" in his grandfather's house, and was known to care extremely little for what went on there. His arrival accordingly made no difference in their talk.

"I tell 'ee what, we won't be treated so," said one man. "We'll have bread or blood, that's where 'tis; we're good subjects of the king, and if he know'd how we was done by, he wouldn't ha' had us ground down this 'ere way."

"Bread's up at a shilling," said another. "Why, the bakers ought to be hanged for 't."

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\* Badger.



"And the millers, too, for flour being so high."

"And the farmers along wi' 'em, they ought," added a third. "Have ye heerd there were another stack fired o' Friday, and a very good thing it were. I say it were well done."

To all which Rupert listened with much interest and no distaste.

It was an anxious time : the autumn had set in cold, wet, and comfortless, and half the parish was already out of work. We have happily nearly forgotten those dark days in England : the state of antagonism, the dumb warfare, the ill-will that existed just before the passing of the Reform Bill, when a deep-rooted discontent divided classes, when whole parishes were eaten up by poor-rate. The sort of deadlock produced by the corn-laws, the poor-laws, the high price of bread and of everything wearable and eatable, the low wages, the ignorance of the poor, the apathy of the employers, the reflex also, probably, of the wave of disquiet which was moving all over Europe, produced a ferment which was felt in every part of England, but particularly in the Midland counties, and nowhere more than about Avonhoe.

It was supposed that the burning of ricks and breaking of machines would somehow increase wages, and both were going on that winter to a fearful extent. There were few resident landlords in the neighbourhood to soften the intercourse between masters and toilers, much waste land, small owners who could do little, absentees, many of whom never came near their property, and college owners who would do nothing ; and the consequence was a state of disorganization which it is only surprising did not terrify our rulers more quickly. But facts were slow in being appreciated in those days, and the want of communication made each district more isolated from its neighbours and the rest of the country, than we can now well realize.

During the last months of that winter there were few nights when a fire might not be seen from the high ground of Avonhoe, and Rupert spent his spare time in watching for the shooting up of a flame, or the "bouquet" of sparks from a rick, with the sort of enjoyment he would have had in an exhibition of rockets. It requires a certain amount of experience, and also of imagination, for any one to put himself in the place of another, to conceive what he has not himself gone through—and children and uneducated people are peculiarly without this sense. To carry on a series of thoughts so far as to attach a consequence to anything, requires more education than we generally imagine. The present is all in all to them. A great outburst of sparks is a pretty thing, so one boy throws gunpowder into the fire, and blows out his own or somebody else's eyes ; and another will burn down a cottage or a rick-yard with no greater amount of malice or wickedness than prompts a civilized man to make an unkind observation at dinner. Cause and effect are not a necessary sequence in their eyes, but each case is an isolated event.

It was a dank, dark evening in November a few days after, and as Rupert drove the cows home the mists began to rise. There was a little moon, and the sky was clear on the top of the hill, but all over the plain

below spread an immense sea of white fog, which, indeed, hung more or less through the winter over the stiff deep clay district, seamed with an elaborate system of ridge and furrow, its only drainage, which had been carried out with infinite labour, in some remote antiquity, over every field, whether plough or grass land; in spite of which the heavy soil lay soaked in wet the whole winter through. Ague (now hardly known) was the ordinary lot of every one, old and young, as common as measles or whooping-cough, while the excessive difficulty of getting fuel made life very wretched.

If it had not been, however, for its associations, to the eye the sight was extremely beautiful: the thick white fleecy solid mass (the whole tail of the comet of '58 was said not to contain so much matter as a yard of —shire fog) lay at the boy's feet, perfectly flat, rising only to a certain height, out of which the promontories of low hills and distant headlands stood out like the cliffs and line of coast of a real sea, with here and there the top of a tall tree lifting its head, apparently up to its neck in water.

Rupert, when he had turned the cows into the straw-yard, stood for a moment watching, not the fog sea, which was far too ordinary a sight to notice, but for his beloved fireworks. Suddenly a sheaf of sparks arose from what he believed to be Yardley End, which was about a mile off in the plain. He smiled with delight, and then a deeper feeling arose: the boys at the farm had, he believed, been among the chief instigators of Quick's death, and he hated them with all his heart.

"Farmer Bathe grinds the poor," he had often heard it said; "he's a hard man about wages in winter." Mischief, at all events, was pleasant to see, and worth risking his grandfather's reproaches; and diving down into the sea of fog—which was beginning, however, to lift—he made off towards the flame as fast as he could, though, when he reached the foot of the hill, he had to guide himself at first by the hedges. Soon, however, the angry glare of the red light appeared under a heavy grey cloud of smoke, while the lurid look of the burning rick increased in brightness every moment as he came up. A great collection of people were standing about round the homestead, staring and doing nothing. The farmer himself, and two or three of his men, were flinging buckets of muddy water out of a horse-pond over the rick and the neighbouring sheds and stacks; the thimblefuls seemed almost to increase the flame, but no one in the crowd stirred to help.

"'Twill catch on to the dwelling-home," said one man calmly to another—when Charles Blount came riding up in front of a small engine kept at a neighbouring manor-house. The country had been beset by the plague for several months, and it was in constant requisition. He had seen the fire at a distance as he was returning home from hunting, and came up to help. He was out frequently with the hounds over all that part of the country, and was known by sight to most of the people; and his cheery voice—the mixture of command and undoubting leadership

which the English peasant loves—told immediately even on that unwilling, surly throng. "What! no water but this muddy stuff? why, you'll ruin the engine in no time. Make a chain down to the brook," said he. For an instant they hesitated, but at that moment Claude Morris came breathlessly up, having heard that mischief was afoot. His new pastor was the very last man whom Rupert wished to see, and he slipped behind a shed.

"Oh, we'll soon get up a chain," answered Claude, cheerfully, taking hold of a man on one side and a boy on the other, and putting a bucket into their hands. Imitation, the instinct of obedience, some sort of compunction, all acted upon them, and in a few minutes the water began to arrive and the engine to play. At that moment a second stack burst into a blaze on the other side the yard. Claude plunged behind the sheds, and saw a black shadow escaping round the corner: he ran after it at full speed, but, unused to the place, he fell in a "juicy" gateway, and when he got up there was no one in sight. He returned to the yard, where the fire—which hitherto had been kept under—was now rapidly spreading; sheaves of sparks flew in all directions, blazing pieces of straw rose like rockets, and the flames reddened the horizon all round. It was a most successful exhibition of fireworks.

Charles Blount had climbed on the roof of the dwelling-house, beating out the burning rain of sparks on the thatch, striving to keep the straw wet; he was now, however, obliged to come down and confine his exertions to directing the men how to carry out the furniture, and helping to lead the horses out of the stables, for the poor bewildered farmer had entirely lost his head. It was a still night, the fog had risen, and the red glare made the place bright in a circle all round, where the black shapes of men moving rapidly to and fro looked very diabolic. The fire from two points at once was too much for their exertions; it went out at last because there was nothing left to burn, and a long line of blackened and ruined sheds was all that remained of the wretched farmer's possessions.

"And he aint insured," said one of the bystanders, tranquilly. "He never had forecast enough, not for a farmer; and the more he did the less he arned."

"Poor fellow!" answered Charles, with much more compassion in his voice and manner. "I hoped we'd got the better of it at one time, too."

"I'm sure if the stacks hadn't been fired a second time from behind you'd have saved him. It's a frightful state of feeling. You're not hurt?" inquired Claude anxiously, looking at the torn and smoked condition of the young squire's red coat and once white breeches.

"Oh, nothing. I've just singed my hands and bruised my foot. I'm all right," replied Charles, laughing. "I'm very much obliged to you. May I ask who you are? You're the only creature who really helped a bit, or who cared a straw about the whole concern. It's not a pleasant state of things for a landlord's son to see growing up," said he, shaking hands warmly with his new ally; "though I'm sure I don't see how it's to be

altered. I daresay you parsons would say we've ourselves to thank for a good deal of it."

"I shouldn't think it's the individuals who are to blame; your father's tenants are well enough off, I believe. It's the system. How can men pay decent wages with poor-rates up where they are?"

"My father was offered the fee-simple of a whole parish the other day for quite a trifle, if he'd undertake to pay the rates; they were more than twenty shillings in the pound," said Charles. "You'll come and see us at Hartley Grange? We're not all leading the cat-and-dog life in this county which they seem to do on this side the Seech," he added, smiling.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FOWLING IN THE CHURCH TOWER.

CLAUDE MORRIS had been kept away longer than he expected by the death of his father, and it was some months before he regularly settled at Avonhoe. He tried in vain to get at the household at Hawkshill: the old farmer was sullen, obstinate, and disagreeable; Cecily's stern, impenetrable silence was even more hopeless; and his heart yearned to the boy in his cheerless, hard home: but Rupert was always off, as if he had been a wild hawk himself, whenever he saw the curate. He even refused to come nearer the Blizards' house than the garden-wicket, where he would whistle till the little girl came out to him. "Mary," said he, one evening that spring, "there's a nest of jacks in the church tower; us'll go and take it. Yer must be very still, and do as I tell 'ee, if you're to be my little wife; and then you shall have a jack for to hop about and learn un for to talk."

The curious pair went up to the church together, Mary hanging on to his hand, at the time when, every evening, the old sexton opened the door to ring the curfew,—a ceremony still religiously performed at Avonhoe. Rupert hid in the porch, watching through the holes made by Cromwell's bullets in the door for the right moment. When the official back was turned, he slipped in, and ran hurriedly up the tower stairs. By creeping out of a small window which he had marked, and along a stone string-course some forty feet from the ground, a fall from which would have been certain death, he reached a gargoye at the angle which carried off the rain-water from the roof of the tower, in which the jackdaws had made their nest. Meantime the sad sound of the curfew tolled like the passing-bell of the day in the quiet evening air (*e paga il giorno pianger che si muore*); meaning so much, with so many memories of the past attached to it, understood so little by those who heard.

Half-hidden in a tall turret with a pointed roof, at the end of the adjoining wall of the Traceys' destroyed old manor-house, stood his trembling little accomplice, watching the boy's perilous climb.

"Oh, take care, Rupert; don't ye go no further; let the jacks be," whispered she in dismay, as she saw the boy suspended in the air, on a

footing not four inches wide. He reached the nest, however, in safety, crammed the birds into his pocket, and edged his way slowly back again, hanging on by his eyelids. At that moment the old sexton, having rung his bell and locked the door, was returning home to his tea, when, moved by the grief of the father and mother jacks, who were flying madly after the ravisher of their offspring, he looked up as Rupert nearly reached the tower-window. "Ye rascal! Don't I see yer 'ind legs? I knows ye! I'll warm ye, ye wicked young jackanapes," shouted Jared, horribly. What was it to him that the boy, if he fell, would be dashed to pieces, compared with this dreadful violation of church property!

Rupert, greatly startled, turned, let fall most of his jackdaws, stumbled and fell, luckily for him inwards and forwards; and while the irate sexton hurried back into the church, he scrambled a little farther down the tower stairs, and leaped through a lower window on to the flat leaden roof of the church, shaking the remaining bird almost to death, who lamented himself aloud; and while old Jared was wasting his time by crawling up to the window where he had seen the boy, and then fumbling over the door which led on to the roof, Rupert had time to creep along the parapet and let himself down on the top of the high old garden-wall which joined the church, along which he rode triumphantly astride till he reached the convenient bough of a tree, into which he swung himself. He was sliding comfortably down the trunk, when, to his horror, at the foot stood the young "paarson" himself, who, hearing the noise, had just come up.

"What's all this?" cried Claude, with a burst of laughter, as he saw the boy's face of dismay and heard old Jared swearing furiously somewhere up in the air at the desecration of the church, as, of course, he had a right to do—"for that in the captain's but a choleric word, which in the soldier is flat blasphemy." "Don't swear so, Jared," he called up aloft. "What can you all have been about? Oh, it's only the ecclesiastical jacks! Let me look at them."

And Rupert, who throughout his life had been equally reproached for what he did and did not do, stood in utter amazement at such strange conduct.

"What! so little Mary's helping too, is she? I saw her just round the garden-wall," said Claude, as he went away.

The first parallel was opened in the siege of Rupert's heart.

"There ain't but one jack left, ye see," said he to the little girl, as they went off together, "so you can't have none."

"No, Ruby," answered Mary, resignedly.

A few days after, however, Claude heard the boy's whistle, and went out.

"If my grandad finds the jack he'll wring his neck for 'im, so I've a brought him down to you," Rupert was saying, as he gave his orders, rather imperiously, as to its nourishment and education, to his obedient handmaid: he was leaning upon the little gate, his black tangled hair

hanging over his eyes with their eager wild gaze, and a sort of untamed savagery about his whole look.

"Mayn't I give him the littlest mossel of bread?" said Mary.

"I wonder whether he eats flies," observed Claude, apparently entirely absorbed in contemplating the interesting jack, and without moving hand or foot, a process recommended by the great Mr. Waterton in taming wild animals.

"Isn't it beautiful to see him?" cried the little girl, watching the fluffy fright with ecstasy.

"There's a wonderful story about what a raven could do in this book," said Claude; taking one from his pocket.

"Oh, that's what you went all the way to Sainton for?" observed Mary.

He had walked ten miles, and taken much pains to get it, and carried it about with him for several days. He began to read, while Rupert listened, with wide-open eyes, spell-bound, without stirring.

"If you come down to-morrow we will read the next story: it's about a bear," said his new friend. The town was taken.

From that time the boy went down to Old Moor whenever he could get away in the evening. At first, like Scheherezade or a sensation novel in a Magazine, Claude always left some fate unsettled, to be continued next time; but very soon the boy began to read for himself, to think, to enjoy using his mind.

"I don't see as there be no use nor signification whatsoever in a' that readin'," said old Benyam, doggedly, one night. "I've done fair and fain wi'out it all my days."

"I've a finished my work," answered the lad, fiercely. "No one can't fault what I choose to do o' the evenin'."

"And what may ye be doin' of in them shelves?" said his mother, crossly, as she saw him burrowing among the clothes in the old press.

"I wants my Sunday jacket," he answered, sullenly.

"What new-fangled fancy's that? wearin' yer good clothes o' week-days?" replied she, angrily.

"I'll wear un when I chooses; I works hard enow and gets no pay," said Rupert, angrily, dragging out the jacket. "And you've never mended that hole in the sleeve nor sewed on them buttons! They'd do it for me down at Old Moor fast enough."

Cecily was beginning to grow very jealous of their influence over her boy at the farm; she snatched the jacket from him, and began to sew on the buttons as if she were stabbing the stuff.

"Don't keep me: make haste! I'm late as 'tis," said he, fretting and fuming to be gone. "Where's the soap got to?"

"And where's the use o' a' that washing too," grumbled his grandfather. "I've done well enough wi'out the taste of water."

"Mr. Morris always washes his hands," was Rupert's only answer.

There is no education like that of personal influence.

"I don't take much account o' the paarson," the old man went on,



setting his dogged old fists on his knees, as he rested his crabbed stick against his blue-ribbed stockings in the chair by the chimney-corner. "He went on to me ever so t'other day as 'There are four corners to my bed,' warn't a prayer. 'Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John,' if them isn't Scriptur I'd like to know what were. And what may he be a larnin' o' ye?" he ended, somewhat contemptuously.

"He's a teachd me geography and figurin', and Athens, where St. Paul praach to the Ephesians," said the boy, eagerly, anxious to put the finest face on his friend's instructions.

"Furrin parts," muttered Benyam. "And I don't think much o' them. I've been to Naughton myself, and that's more nor ten miles off, and I said says I, If them be furrin parts, us might as lief have bided at home. Me and mine's been on the ground hunderd o' years, and should know. Us was the best part of a day a gettin' to Naughton. There was the deep piece at the Three Lanes' End, and that juicy bit at Slush Gate; and we was nigh upon two hours gettin' the cart out o' the slough in the Welsh Lane."

The difficulty of getting about produced by the want of roads in a purely clay district is now almost inconceivable. Rights of way over fields, with a gate every hundred yards, and a Slough of Despond at each like the description in Bunyan—who "probably took it from some country road in his own neighbourhood"—were the only means of communication; and the six horses of our ancestors were no piece of vain show, but necessary to move their heavy coaches a single mile.

"Well, I can't wait," broke in Rupert, with a sort of haughty toss of his head as he went off, his jacket half done.

"How like his father he do seem when he've a got that look on him," muttered Cecily to herself, almost fiercely, and yet with a sort of pride.

"If you didn't uphold him a wasting o' his time like that," said the old man, angrily, "he wouldn't go for to do it."

"If I choose for him to be a scholard," answered she, coldly, "it's my look-out; ye pay us nought, and he's a right to his time when work's done."

She and her boy were now of far too much importance in the farm to be thwarted beyond measure.

Claude Morris, fresh from college, would willingly have taught Rupert all he knew, but the intricacies of grammar he found it impossible to infuse. Any amount, however, of facts geographical, historical, even scientific, the boy could master, and for everything connected with numbers he had a decided talent.

Claude was standing at the gate as Rupert appeared breathless, watching Rosamond Hedges the butter-carrier unloading a box of his college books. The "*Rosa mundi*" was a grizzled old man, with sharp red eyes and the sharp temper incident to the mind of one overcharged with minute and contradictory directions. He drove a very small donkey tied on to a very small cart, which sufficed for the limited wants of the district. The



driving a donkey-cart gives an extraordinary feeling of superiority to the rest of the human race: no Grand Duke or Imperial Highness whirling along with six horses is ever impressed with the amount of contempt for the humble traveller on foot that the possessor of a donkey-cart seems to feel. If you look at the face of the driver, whether male or female, old or young, there is a beatific sense of superiority which is never seen elsewhere, and must be a source of the keenest enjoyment.

"Books is they," said Rosamund. "Well, they're as heavy as stones, that's all I can say. And what's the use of such a many on 'um? One book's much the same as another, take 'um by their looks, for all I could ever see," said he, looking after Claude, who, after unpacking the box, was carrying in his treasures with the sort of affectionate care which a woman would show to a baby, smoothing their outraged corners tenderly, and fondly turning over their pages.

"Mr. Morris has got all them for to learn me," said Rupert, importantly. "I shall go away and get to be a great man, and then I shall come home and marry ye, Mary; but ye must learn a great deal first if you're to be my little wife."

"Yes, Rupert," answered Mary meekly.

Rupert had by no means yet learned that, though it may be good to have a giant's strength, it's not good to use it like a giant.

It was growing dusk that evening, and Rupert pushed away the problem which he was trying to work, and got up and stretched himself. "Well, I can't find it out, and I won't be told," said he, doggedly.

"Put it away. You'll be clearer about it to-morrow, my boy, and it's too dark to read," answered Claude, throwing away his own book and drawing his chair up to the great old fire-place. He took up the tongs and began to pile up the blazing ends of wood and heap the embers round the new piece of turf which Rupert laid on: a pleasant semblance of occupation which employs the hands while it seems to enable the busy thoughts to be elsewhere: it was one of the few luxuries which he allowed himself.

Mrs. Blizard put her head in at the door at the moment. "Well, 'tis wonderful kind to be sure, as you are, Mr. Morris, how you do trouble yourself for the destruction o' that boy! I just looked in to see what you'd be pleased to take for supper. The eggs is so dubious sometimes, and I saw how you disannulled 'um yesterday."

"Oh, it did not signify; I didn't care," answered Claude, with a smile.

"Well, round ye as I will, I can't say as I ever find ye takes to one thing more nor another, Mr. Morris; it's easy enough you is to please," said Mrs. Blizard, putting her hand to her head, "and 'tis a good thing for one so put about as me. The butter, to be sure, do so weigh upon one's mind, as it's quite a check to one's feelings!"

As she left the room, little Mary—who had long been watching her opportunity—came in, nursing a sick chick wrapped in flannel. "Mr. Morris, won't you tell us a story?" said she. It was the witching time in the evening,—*entre chien et loup*. "Ruby, you can't work any more

to-night," she went on, turning to the window—where he still stood with the slate and pencil in his hand. "Come, dear, and ask him too." And she brought herself and her little stool to besiege the absent man.

"Put that away, Mary," answered Rupert imperiously, coming up to the fire. "You can't listen when you're playing with them chicken." \*

"Rupert, how can you speak to her in that way?" said Claude, rousing himself as the little girl obediently carried out her pet.

"She's nothing but a girl, and women don't sinnify," answered Rupert, contemptuously.

Claude was silent as he skilfully built his pyramid of red embers one upon another. "You may measure the measure of your own manliness, Rupert, by the way you treat those who are weaker and younger than yourself. Do you understand that?" said he, presently.

"No," said Rupert, obstinately.

"Well, the sooner you do the better,—you'll come to it," observed Claude with a smile. "The more brutal and low a tribe of natives is, the worse they treat their women," he went on, almost to himself. He was so much alone that he often formularised his thoughts into words for his own satisfaction, even when they were beyond his auditors.

"You won't forget the story, Mr. Morris," said Mary, as she came in again. It was a puzzling request: he had exhausted his store of birds-and-beasts books, and was not much used to children, or to satisfying that insatiable appetite "which grows with that 'tis fed upon."

A man can only give of that which he has; and Claude, much put to it for matter, after ransacking his brains in vain, fell back upon his old classical recollections.

"There was once a great soldier called Ulysses, who lived far away in one of the Greek islands—we have been fighting a great battle not long ago to free the Greeks from the Turks."

"Mother calls me a terrible Turk when I'm naughty," soliloquized Mary in a low voice.

"It was very hot where he lived" ("Was he black?" said Rupert), "and he went with an army of his friends, and encamped in tents, to attack a town called Troy." ("Oh! Troy towns. I know what them is. Uncle Billy sailor used to draw them for we on the sand. They're a sort of maze, and when yer tread 'um, yer can't find yer way out easy," said Mary). "Well, poor Ulysses found the way home a sort of maze too, and very hard it was for him to find. It was ten years, however, before the Greeks could take the town, and then only by a kind of craft. But at last, when the work was done, Ulysses set off in his tiny ship rowed by men over the sea, and he went and he went and he went till he came to a land where the Cyclops lived: they were a sort of giant."

"I wonder were they as big as Jack's giant?" said Rupert.

"Or Giant Despair?" suggested Mary.

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\* Chicken is the plural of chick, and to say "chickens" is as bad grammar as 'mens.'

"Now the name of one of them was Polyphemus: he had but one eye like the rest, and he was very fond of men's flesh."

"Then he was an ogre," cried Mary, decisively, classifying his species and genus as a scientific observer ought to do. "Tom Thumb came to a whole family of 'um, yer know; but I think," she added, meditatively, "as they had a got both their eyes."

For this affluence of illustration Claude was hardly prepared, but he went on boldly with the "much-enduring," who had certainly never undergone such treatment before. Presently came the crisis.

"And Ulysses poked a burning stick into the giant's one eye."

And Mary clapped her hands, and Rupert almost shouted with delight.

"It was uncommon sharp on him," said he.

"Well, I can't help being sorry for Polyphemus," insinuated Claude; "it was hard on him. 'No one' has done it, says the poor giant, vainly seeking redress. What business had Ulysses the astute on his shore? It's just what civilized man has been doing ever since on all savage coasts,—usurping, annexing, ravaging, taking possession. I can't help having a great sympathy for the giants; they're a simple, trusting, long-suffering race, and you children are deceived by appearance, and don't see that they're weak about the knees and about the head, and take up with those pestilent little fellows Jack and Tom Thumb, who overreach them as the saints did the devil in the middle ages, in the same pettifoggish way."

The story was a great success; but Claude found, to his amused surprise, that, stripped of the charm of the associations which only education can give, and of the beauty of the poetry and language, which nothing can replace, he could not raise the story much above the rank of Jack or any other giant-killer, or Sindbad or any other wandering mariner.

Education is no easy task. No one knows, till they have tried, the amount of indirect information which we all imbibe in the very air we live in, the chance talk of educated people. When all this has to be directly taught, when you must explain that Waterloo was a great battle between the French and English somewhere in Belgium, and who was Napoleon; and that, when we talk of the Romans, we don't mean people who live at Rome, but the rulers over the known world of the time, the leeway to be made up is something most dispiriting. Rupert, however, naturally enough, did not regard his acquirements in this light, and Claude, coming in one afternoon unheard, found Mary standing by the table where the boy was sitting over his books.

"What a deal you do know, Ruby, now," said she, almost with a sigh.

"Yes," replied he; "that's the forty-seventh prop. You don't know what *that* is?"

"No," answered she, sadly.

"And now I've just finished 'English history,' and know all about

'the geography of the world,' " Rupert went on complacently, pointing to two little volumes beside him. He looked up suddenly, for he felt Claude's eye upon him, and blushed to the ears when he met his grave, almost contemptuous, smile.

"How can you be such an ass?" said he, as soon as the little girl was gone. "I'm sorry I ever taught you, Rupert, if that's the use you make of it, to go peacocking about in that way before a child. Know all English history! Why, it would take a wise man's whole life to understand the reign of Elizabeth. The geography of the world! Why, you're like the mite in a cheese, which thought that was the great globe itself!"

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A WOLF'S CUB.

"Isn't Rupert at home, Cecily?" said Claude, looking in one evening to the large low old kitchen at Hawkshill, against whose great beams Rupert occasionally almost knocked his haughty head somewhat angrily. The place looked even more dreary, bare, and sad than when the old woman was alive. Cecily was sitting on a low chair by the chimney-corner, watching the boiling of the great copper of food for the pigs.

"How should I know where he is?" answered she, wearily, half rising, but scarcely turning round. "He's most like down at Old Moor. He don't bide much at home wi' we, an' he can help it. He's all'ays away now wi' some on ye," she added, with a sort of fierce sigh.

It is one of the most pathetic sights in the world to see the longing for affection of very hard unsympathizing people, who are utterly powerless to win the love for which they crave sometimes with a sort of bitter passion.

Claude came up to the fire, and sat down silently by her: she hardly moved.

"Cecily, if your boy were without food, you'd go without sooner than he should want, I know," he said at last.

She looked up with a curious fire in her eyes, a far stronger assent than words.

"If he were thirsty, you wouldn't stint him with drink. He does hunger and thirst now, Cecily, and for what you can't give him. He wants to learn, he has a craving to know."

"What good 'ull that do him?" muttered she.

"We can't always see so far ahead," said Claude, gently, "as to tell what's good. You can't keep him from it any more than the hen who's hatched a duckling can hinder its swimming," said he, as in the intense quiet of the room the chickens walked in at the open back-door. "Don't grudge it him, Cecily. I believe he'll not care for you less in the long run; but even if he does, we must just do what is best of what we can, not what we wish. He didn't make himself, and we didn't make him. God

didn't put it into him for nothing, you may be very sure. We must learn to walk sometimes step by step by the light we have, not quite always seeing where it is leading." She did not answer, but sat on with her head in her hand, and Claude got up and went quietly away.

As he left the house he came upon Rupert himself, limping slowly up the hill, with a handkerchief round his head and covered with mud.

"What have ye done to yourself, boy?" said Claude, rather anxiously. He was always a little afraid of what mischief his wolf's cub might have been about.

"Grandad had a sent me to 'Dirty Denford,' and as I came home across the Seech there were one of they new-fangled thrashing-machines a-comin' along, and it frighted a little cart wi' a woman and a boy in it, close agin the heap o' stones where the Gipsy king's a buried and granny was found, and the horse cut away like anything across the road, and I just caught him; he dashed at me wi' his forelegs and hot me wi' his head a bit, but it ain't nothin' to speak on."

Claude turned back into the house with him. There was a deep wound in his head where the bit had hit him; his arm had been struck by the shaft, and his foot injured by the wheel.

"Why, ye look as if you'd been in the wars," said Claude, as he helped to bind up the cut and bathe the bruises for the unwilling boy, "and considering it was after all only for a woman!" laughed he. The boy rubbed his head against his shoulder like a dog, with a sort of rude affection that could not be put into words. He was not fit for work, however, with his hurts, for a week.

A few days after, while Claude was in the house, his grandfather came in, followed by the woman, who, in a vehement state of gratitude, had brought a sentimental offering of gooseberries.

"Eh, but us should ha' a' been knockt to bits if it hadn't been along o' he, and he were all among the nag's legs, so as my heart were like to ha' split up into my mouth," said she.

Rupert turned away with an impatient grunt.

"What does it mind saying aught about it? I'm glad I were there, and that's all as it is; there's nothing to talk so much like that," said he, as she went away rather mortified.

"You need not have been so ungracious, Rupert," said Claude, when they were alone again.

"What did that woman come palavering and bothering about?" answered he, fiercely. "I liked doin' of it, fightin' wi' the horse and mastering of him like that; it's pleasant, that is. When ye tell me mind and be softer to Mary and not answer my grandad back again, that's what's hard, and nobody thanks me for that," he added, with a half laugh.

"No," answered Claude, smiling, "nobody ever is thanked for the hardest things they have to do; they must do them straight on and not look for thanks. Old Mrs. Jared is sick; I am going to see her. Come with me if it won't hurt your foot."

"Not that way," said Rupert, uneasily, as they turned towards the churchyard.

"Why not?" replied Claude, with a smile. They went on together in silence.

"Mr. Morris, ain't you ever fearful we may meet the ghost?" said the boy in a low voice, stopping short at last.

"I don't know about him," answered Claude, quietly. "Who is he?"

"There's a lot on 'um," replied Rupert, still lower, and with a shiver. "There's the ghost of old Master Bathe as frightened Harry Bates in the churchyard no longer nor December, and there's him as goes naked in the spinney, they say, a lookin' for his arm what he lost in the old war; and there's the boggat as wheels his head first, and then after that hisself, down in a wheelbarrow into the pond." And he looked round shuddering, as if he thought the interesting gentleman in question might be just over his shoulder.

"What a clever fellow: I wonder how he does it! I should like to see him of all things. I'll go out with you anywhere any time of night you like, summer or winter, to look for him," laughed Claude. "We make ghosts of our own bad thoughts, and even our sad ones: we are haunted by our own past sometimes," he mused.

The boy was silent as they sauntered on. A couple of large white owls were flitting noiselessly across the avenue, carrying food to a nest of their young ones in a hollow tree, who hissed impatiently whenever there was a pause in their supper.

"What voracious little monsters, and swallowing all those live mice! Why haven't they as much right to live as the owlets? It's a frightfully difficult question—that preying on each other of the beasts," said Claude, watching them as he leant over a gate. Suddenly Rupert, who had not been listening, pressed closer to him, and said anxiously,—“I wonder when a chap have a' done summut wrong, but he didn't give it a thought, and it were most for fun, and it turned out all no end o' bad, how sorry he ought for to be?”

"Ah, the consequences of our actions! how far we are responsible for the widening circle on the water," said Claude—wandering off in his own thoughts, as so often happened—thinking aloud. "We should never act at all if we thought of it, the weight would be too crushing. But one cannot construct a formula which shall take in the whole question: the world is too wide. I suspect each case must be settled on its own merits. Is this a case of conscience, Rupert?" said he, smiling, as he remembered how far he had soared beyond his audience. "If you didn't mind giving me the facts we might try together for the interpretation."

"I set fire to the second stack in Farmer Bathe's yard," Rupert blurted out.

Claude gave a start.

"Twere mostly for sport; the blaze were rare to look on; but they was bad folk was the farmer, and hard to the poor," Rupert went on, defensively.

"But even if he were, do you think it was your business to punish him? who art thou that judgest another?" said Claude, musingly. "And what became of him? Wasn't that the poor fellow who died afterwards at Summertown? they said he caught cold and injured himself in putting out the fire. I remember he wasn't insured, and was heart-broken at his ruin, poor fellow. That was he."

"Yes," said Rupert, doggedly; "he cheated grandad at the fair, and riz the price of flour in the face of the bad times."

Claude saw that the bad side of the boy was uppermost: struggling only made it worse. He was absolutely silent, and in a few minutes he rose from his gate and walked away. The boy followed up to his side again uneasily.

"You're not going, sir?" said he.

"My dear Rupert," answered Claude, kindly, "what is the use of my staying? It only makes you defend your wrong to yourself. Your conscience is saying hard things to you, and you want to silence it by contradicting me. I believe I may safely leave you to it: it will sting you quite enough." The boy pressed after him, though he said nothing. Mr. Morris was beginning to be his conscience, and he suffered from his gentle censure more than from all the taunts and reproaches at Hawkshill, but he did not speak.

"Look, Rupert," said Claude, seriously, "I believe truly that you had no idea of what your deed would bring about; but probably the fire would have been put out but for your firing the second stack. The man's ruin is more or less at your door; you must bear the weight of it on your heart. It will do no good to any one now to give yourself up to the law—I don't even recommend it; but you are bound by every law, human and divine, to make what atonement you can here in this world. You can learn to rule yourself, to deny yourself; you shouldn't try and drown the recollection of it, or to make out to yourself that it wasn't a crime. And when temptation comes again, then remember what you once did, and seek strength to stand, my boy. You'll never do it alone, lad," he ended, affectionately, as he parted with him near the church. And Rupert, with his head down and his hands in his pockets, half defiant, half in thought, strolled silently home.

Claude was surprised himself at the hold on the lad which this confidence had given him. To acknowledge that you have been wrong, very wrong, sometimes is the greatest help to a fresh start,—repentance, not remorse; but it was up-hill work attempting to guide the boiling, seething life of the boy, untamed either by principle, or what so often stands in its place among the men to whom Claude was accustomed, a gentleman's code of honour; by which, after all, much more of the police of the world is really done for the upper classes than we sometimes care to remember.

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## The Earth a Magnet.

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THERE is a very prevalent but erroneous opinion that the magnetic needle points to the north. We remember well how we discovered in our boyhood that the needle does *not* point to the north, for the discovery was impressed upon us in a very unpleasant manner. We had purchased a pocket compass, and were very anxious—not, indeed, to test the instrument, since we placed implicit reliance upon its indications—but to make use of it as a guide across unknown regions. Not many miles from where we lived lay Cobham Wood, no very extensive forest certainly, but large enough to lose oneself in. Thither, accordingly, we proceeded with three schoolfellows. When we had lost ourselves, we gleefully called the compass into action, and made from the wood in a direction which we supposed would lead us home. We travelled on with full confidence in our pocket guide; at each turning we consulted it in an artistic manner, carefully poising it and waiting till its vibrations ceased. But when we had travelled some two or three miles without seeing any house or road that we recognized, matters assumed a less cheerful aspect. We were unwilling to compromise our dignity as “explorers” by asking the way—a proceeding which no precedent in the history of our favourite travellers allowed us to think of. But evening came on, and with it a summer thunder-storm; we were getting thoroughly tired out, and the *juvabit olim meminisse* with which we had been comforting ourselves began to lose its force. When at length we yielded, we learned that we had gone many miles out of our road, and we did not reach home till several hours after dark. How it fared with our schoolfellows we know not, but a result overtook ourselves personally, for which there is no precedent, so far as we are aware, in the records of exploring expeditions. Also the offending compass was confiscated by justly indignant parents, so that for a long while the cause of our troubles was a mystery to us. We now know that instead of pointing due north the compass pointed more than  $20^{\circ}$  towards the west, or nearly to the quarter called by sailors north-north-west. No wonder, therefore, that we went astray when we followed a guide so untrustworthy.

The peculiarity that the magnetic needle does not, in general, point to the north, is the first of a series of peculiarities which we now propose briefly to describe. The irregularity is called by sailors the needle's *variation*, but the term more commonly used by scientific men is the *declination* of the needle. It was probably discovered a long time ago, for 800 years before our era the Chinese applied the magnet's directive force to guide them in journeying over the great Asiatic plains; and they must soon have detected so marked a peculiarity. Instead of a ship's

compass they made use of a magnetic car, on the front of which a floating needle carried a small figure whose outstretched arm pointed southwards. We have no record, however, of their discovery of the declination, and know only that they were acquainted with it in the twelfth century. The declination was discovered, independently, by European observers in the thirteenth century.

As we travel from place to place the declination of the needle is found to vary; Christopher Columbus was the first to detect this. He discovered it on the 13th of September, 1492, during his first voyage, and when he was six hundred miles from Ferro, the most westerly of the Canary Islands. He found that the declination, which was towards the east in Europe, passed to the west, and increased continually as he travelled westwards.

But here we see the first trace of a yet more singular peculiarity. We have said that at present the declination is towards the west in Europe. In Columbus' time it was towards the east. Thus we learn that the declination varies with the progress of time, as well as with change of place.

The Genius of modern science is a weighing and a measuring one. Men are not satisfied now-a-days with knowing that a peculiarity exists; they seek to determine its extent, how far it is variable—whether from time to time or from place to place, and so on. Now the results of such inquiries applied to the magnetic declination have proved exceedingly interesting.

We find first, that the world may be divided into two unequal portions, over one of which the needle has a westerly, and over the other an easterly, declination. Along the boundary line, of course, the needle points due north. England is situated in the region of westerly magnets. This region includes all Europe, except the north-eastern parts of Russia; Turkey, Arabia, and the whole of Africa; the greater part of the Indian Ocean, and the western parts of Australia; nearly the whole of the Atlantic Ocean; Greenland, the eastern parts of Canada, and a small slice from the north-eastern part of Brazil. All these form one region of westerly declination; but singularly enough, there lies in the very heart of the remaining and larger region of easterly magnets, an oval space of a contrary character. This space includes the Japanese Islands, Manchouria, and the eastern parts of China. It is very noteworthy also, that in the westerly region the declination is much greater than the easterly. Over the whole of Asia, for instance, the needle points almost due north. On the contrary, in the north of Greenland and of Baffin's Bay, the magnetic needle points due west, while still further to the north (a little westerly) we find the needle pointing with its north end directly towards the south.

In the presence of these peculiarities it would be pleasant to speculate. We might imagine the existence of powerfully magnetic veins in the earth's solid mass, coercing the magnetic needle from a full obedience to the true polar summons. Or the comparative effects of oceans and of continents might be called into play. But unfortunately for all this we have to

reconcile views founded on *fixed* relations presented by the earth, with the process of *change* indicated above. Let us consider the declination in England alone.

In the fifteenth century there was an easterly declination. This gradually diminished, so that in about the year 1657 the needle pointed due north. After this the needle pointed towards the west, and continually more and more, so that scientific men, having had experience only of a continual shifting of the needle in one direction, began to form the opinion that this change would continue, so that the needle would pass, through north-west and west, to the south. In fact, it was imagined that the motion of the needle would resemble that of the hands of a watch, only in a reversed direction. But before long observant men detected a gradual diminution in the needle's westerly motion. Arago, the distinguished French astronomer and physicist, was the first (we believe) to point out that "the progressive movement of the magnetic needle towards the west appeared to have become continually slower of late years" (he wrote in 1814), "which seemed to indicate that after some little time longer it might become retrograde." Three years later, namely on the 10th of February, 1817, Arago asserted definitively that the retrograde movement of the magnetic needle had commenced to be perceptible. Colonel Beaufoy at first opposed Arago's conclusion, for he found from observations made in London, during the years 1817-1819, that the westerly motion still continued. But he had omitted to take notice of one very simple fact, viz. that London and Paris are two different places. A few years later and the retrograde motion became perceptible at London also, and it has now been established by the observations of forty years. It appears from a careful comparison of Beaufoy's observations that the needle reached the limit of its western digression (at Greenwich) in March, 1819, at which time the declination was very nearly  $25^{\circ}$ . In Paris, on the contrary, the needle had reached its greatest western digression (about  $22\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ) in 1814. It is rather singular that although at Paris the retrograde motion thus presented itself five years earlier than in London, the needle pointed due north at Paris six years later than in London, viz., in 1663. Perhaps the greater amplitude of the needle's London digression, may explain this peculiarity.

"It was already sufficiently difficult," says Arago, "to imagine what could be the kind of change in the constitution of the globe, which could act during one hundred and fifty-three years, in gradually transferring the direction of the magnetic needle from due north to  $28^{\circ}$  west of north. We see that it is now necessary to explain, moreover, how it has happened that this gradual change has ceased, and has given place to a return towards the preceding state of the globe." "How is it," he pertinently asks, "that the directive action of the globe, which clearly must result from the action of molecules of which the globe is composed, can be thus variable, while the number, position, and temperature of these molecules, and, as far as we know, all their other physical properties, remain constant?"

But we have considered only a single region of the earth's surface. Arago's opinion will seem still more just when we examine the change which has taken place in what we may term the "magnetic aspect" of the whole globe. The line which separates the region of westerly magnets from the region of easterly magnets, now runs, as we have said, across Canada and eastern Brazil in one hemisphere, and across Russia, Asiatic Turkey, the Indian Ocean, and West Australia in the other; besides having an outlying oval to the east of the Asiatic Continent. Now these lines have swept round a part of the globe's circuit in a most singular manner since 1600. They have varied alike in direction and complexity. The Siberian oval, now distinct, was, in 1787, merely a loop of the eastern line of no declination. The oval appears now to be continually diminishing, and will one day probably disappear.

We find here presented to us a phenomenon as mysterious, as astonishing, and as worthy of careful study as any embraced in the wide domains of science. But other peculiarities await our notice.

If a magnetic needle of suitable length be carefully poised on a fine point, or, better, be suspended from a silk thread without torsion, it will be found to exhibit each day two small but clearly perceptible oscillations. M. Arago, from a careful series of observations, deduced the following results:—

At about eleven at night, the north end of the needle begins to move from west to east, and having reached its greatest easterly excursion at about a quarter past eight in the morning, returns towards the west to attain its greatest westerly excursion at a quarter-past one. It then moves again to the east, and having reached its greatest easterly excursion at half-past eight in the evening, returns to the west, and attains its greatest westerly excursion at eleven, as at starting.

Of course, these excursions take place on either side of the mean position of the needle, and as the excursions are small, never exceeding the fifth part of a degree, while the mean position of the needle lies some  $20^{\circ}$  to the west of north, it is clear that the excursions are only nominally eastern and western, the needle pointing, throughout, far to the west.

Now if we remember that the north end of the needle is that farthest from the sun, it will be easy to trace in M. Arago's results a sort of effort on the part of the needle to turn towards the sun,—not merely when that luminary is above the horizon, but during his nocturnal path also.

We are prepared, therefore, to expect that a variation having an annual period shall appear, on a close observation of our suspended needle. Such a variation has been long since recognized. It is found that in the summer of both hemispheres, the daily variation is exaggerated, while in winter it is diminished.

But besides the divergence of a magnetized needle from the north pole, there is a divergence from the horizontal position, which must now claim our attention. If a non-magnetic needle be carefully suspended so as to rest horizontally, and be then magnetized, it will be found no longer to

preserve that position. The northern end *dips* very sensibly. This happens in our hemisphere. In the southern it is the southern end which dips. It is clear, therefore, that if we travel from one hemisphere to the other we must find the northern dip of the needle gradually diminishing till at some point near the equator the needle is horizontal, and as we pass thence to southern regions a gradually increasing southern inclination is presented. This has been found to be the case, and the position of the line along which there is no inclination (called the *magnetic equator*) has been traced around the globe. It is not coincident with the earth's equator, but crosses that circle at an angle of twelve degrees, passing from north to south of the equator in long.  $3^{\circ}$  west of Greenwich, and from south to north in long.  $187^{\circ}$  east of Greenwich. The form of the line is not exactly that of a great circle, but presents here and there (and especially where it crosses the Atlantic) perceptible excursions from such a figure.

At two points on the earth's globe the needle will rest in a vertical position. These are the magnetic poles of the earth. The northern magnetic pole was reached by Sir J. G. Ross, and lies in  $70^{\circ}$  N. lat., and  $263^{\circ}$  E. long., that is, to the north of the American continent, and not very far from Boothia Gulf. One of the objects with which Ross set out on his celebrated expedition to the Antarctic Seas was the discovery if possible of the southern magnetic pole. In this he was not successful. Twice he was in hopes of attaining his object, but each time he was stopped by a barrier of land. He approached so near, however, to the pole, that the needle was inclined at an angle of nearly ninety degrees to the horizon, and he was able to assign to the southern pole a position in  $75^{\circ}$  S. lat.,  $154^{\circ}$  E. long. It is not probable, we should imagine, that either pole is fixed, since we shall now see that the inclination, like the declination of the magnetic needle, is variable from time to time, as well as from place to place; and in particular, the magnetic equator is apparently subjected to a slow but uniform process of change.

Arago tells us that the inclination of the needle at Paris has been observed to diminish year by year since 1671. At that time the inclination was no less than  $75^{\circ}$ ; in other words, the needle was inclined only  $15^{\circ}$  to the vertical. In 1791 the inclination was less than  $71^{\circ}$ . In 1831 it was less than  $68^{\circ}$ . In like manner the inclination at London has been observed to diminish, from  $72^{\circ}$  in 1786 to  $70^{\circ}$  in 1804, and thence to  $68^{\circ}$  at the present time.

It might be anticipated from such changes as these that the position of the magnetic equator would be found to be changing. Nay, we can even guess in which way it must be changing. For, since the inclination is diminishing at London and Paris, the magnetic equator must be approaching these places, and this (in the present position of the curve) can only happen by a gradual shifting of the magnetic equator from east to west along the true equator. This motion has been found to be really taking place. It is supposed that the movement is accompanied by a change of

form; but more observations are necessary to establish this interesting point.

Can it be doubted that while these changes are taking place, the magnetic poles also are slowly shifting round the true pole? Must not the northern pole, for instance, be further from Paris now than the needle is inclined more than  $28^{\circ}$  from the vertical, than in 1671, when the inclination was only  $15^{\circ}$ . It appears obvious that this must be so, and we deduce the interesting conclusion that each of the magnetic poles is rotating around the earth's axis.

But there is another peculiarity about the needle which is as noteworthy as any of those we have spoken about. We refer to the intensity of the magnetic action, the energy with which the needle seeks its position of rest. This is not only variable from place to place, but from time to time, and is further subject to sudden changes of a very singular character.

It might be expected that where the dip is greater, the directive energy of the magnet would be proportionably great. And this is found to be approximately the case. Accordingly the magnetic equator is very nearly coincident with the "equator of least intensity," but not exactly. As we approach the magnetic poles we find a more considerable divergence, so that instead of there being a northern pole of greatest intensity nearly coincident with the northern magnetic pole, which we have seen lies to the north of the American continent, there are *two* northern poles, one in Siberia nearly at the point where the river Lena crosses the Arctic circle, the other not so far to the north—only a few degrees north, in fact, of Lake Superior. In the south, in like manner, there are also two poles, one on the Antarctic circle about  $130^{\circ}$  E. long. in Adelie Island, the other not yet precisely determined, but supposed to lie on about the 240th degree of longitude, and south of the Antarctic circle. Singularly enough there is a line of lower intensity running right round the earth along the valleys of the two great oceans, "passing through Behring's Straits and bisecting the Pacific on one side of the globe, and passing out of the Arctic Sea by Spitzbergen and down the Atlantic on the other."

Colonel Sabine discovered that the intensity of the magnetic action varies during the course of the year. It is greatest in December and January in both hemispheres. If the intensity had been greatest in winter one would have been disposed to have assigned seasonal variation of temperature as the cause of the change. But as the epoch is the same for both hemispheres we must seek another cause. Is there any astronomical element which seems to correspond with the law discovered by Sabine? There is one very important element. The position of the perihelion of the earth's orbit is such that the earth is nearest to the sun on about the 31st of December or the 1st of January. There seems nothing rashly speculative, then, in concluding that the sun exercises a magnetic influence on the earth, varying according to the distance of the earth from the sun. Nay, Sabine's results seem to point very distinctly to the law of variation. For, although the number of observations is not as yet very great, and the



extreme delicacy of the variation renders the determination of its amount very difficult, enough has been done to show that in all probability the sun's influence varies according to the same law as gravity—that is, inversely as the square of the distance.

That the sun, the source of light and heat, and the great gravitating centre of the solar system, should exercise a magnetic influence upon the earth, and that this influence should vary according to the same law as gravity, or as the distribution of light and heat, will not appear perhaps very surprising. But the discovery by Sabine that *the moon* exercises a distinctly traceable effect upon the magnetic needle seems to us a very remarkable one. We receive very little light from the moon, much less (in comparison with the sun's light) than most persons would suppose, and we get absolutely no perceptible heat from her. Therefore it would seem rather to the influence of mass and proximity that the magnetic disturbances caused by the moon must be ascribed. But if the moon exercises an influence in this way, why should not the planets? We shall see that there is evidence of some such influence being exerted by these bodies.

More mysterious if possible than any of the facts we have discussed is the phenomenon of *magnetic storms*. The needle has been exhibiting for several weeks the most perfect uniformity of oscillation. Day after day the careful microscopic observation of the needle's progress, has revealed a steady swaying to and fro, such as may be seen in the masts of a stately ship at anchor on the scarce-heaving breast of ocean. Suddenly a change is noted; irregular jerking movements are perceptible, totally distinct from the regular periodic oscillations. A magnetic storm is in progress. But where is the centre of disturbance, and what are the limits of the storm? The answer is remarkable. If the jerking movements observed in places spread over very large regions of the earth—and in some well-authenticated cases over the whole earth—be compared with the local time, it is found that (allowance being made for difference of longitude) *they occur precisely at the same instant*. The magnetic vibrations thrill in one moment through the whole frame of our earth!

But a very singular circumstance is observed to characterize these magnetic storms. They are nearly always observed to be accompanied by the exhibition of the aurora in high latitudes, northern and southern. Probably they never happen without such a display; but numbers of auroras escape our notice. The converse proposition, however, *has been established as an universal one*. No great display of the aurora ever occurs without a strongly marked magnetic storm.

Magnetic storms sometimes last for several hours or even days.

Remembering the influence which the sun has been found to exercise upon the magnetic needle, the question will naturally arise, has the sun anything to do with magnetic storms? We have clear evidence that he has.

On the 1st of September, 1859, Messrs. Carrington and Hodgson were observing the sun, one at Oxford and the other in London. Their scrutiny



was directed to certain large spots which, at that time, marked the sun's face. Suddenly, a bright light was seen by each observer to break out on the sun's surface and to travel, slowly in appearance, but in reality at the rate of about 7,000 miles in a minute, across a part of the solar disc. Now it was found afterwards that the self-registering magnetic instruments at Kew had made at that very instant a strongly marked jerk. It was learned that at that moment a magnetic storm prevailed at the West Indies, in South America, and in Australia. The signalmen in the telegraph stations at Washington and Philadelphia received strong electric shocks; the pen of Bain's telegraph was followed by a flame of fire; and in Norway the telegraphic machinery was set on fire. At night great auroras were seen in both hemispheres. It is impossible not to connect these startling magnetic indications with the remarkable appearance observed upon the sun's disc.

But there is other evidence. Magnetic storms prevail more commonly in some years than in others. In those years in which they prevail most frequently, it is found that the ordinary oscillations of the magnetic needle are more extensive than usual. Now when these peculiarities had been noticed for many years, it was found that there was an alternate and systematic increase and diminution in the intensity of magnetic action, and that the period of the variation was about eleven years. But at the same time a diligent observer had been recording the appearance of the sun's face from day to day and from year to year. He had found that the solar spots are in some years more freely displayed than in others. And he had determined the period in which the spots are successively presented with maximum frequency to be about eleven years. On a comparison of the two sets of observations it was found (and has now been placed beyond a doubt by many years of continued observation) that magnetic perturbations are most energetic when the sun is most spotted, and *vice versâ*.

For so remarkable a phenomenon as this none but a cosmical cause can suffice. We can neither say that the spots cause the magnetic storms nor that the magnetic storms cause the spots. We must seek for a cause producing at once both sets of phenomena. There is as yet no certainty in this matter, but it seems as if philosophers would soon be able to trace in the disturbing action of the planets upon the solar atmosphere the cause as well of the marked period of eleven years as of other less distinctly marked periods which a diligent observation of solar phenomena is beginning to educe.

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### A City of Refuge.

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To be well, to be ill, to be sad, to be cross; to feel jars that shake, pains that tear and burn, and weary nerves that shrink and flutter, or that respond so strangely and dully to the will that it seems almost as if we were scarcely ourselves, at times, when, longing to feel and to sympathize with the emotion of others, we are only conscious of a numb cold acquiescence in their gladness or pain: all this is in the experience of us all, of the most happy as well as of the least happy alike, of the softest and hardest hearted. Only with some it is the experience of an instant and with others of a lifetime.

The range of this mysterious gamut teaches us, perhaps, something of the secret of what others are feeling; and in the same way that the sick and unhappy may imagine what vigour, hope, love, the fervour of life and youth mean, to some, by its help, the fortunate may guess now and then at the sorrows of years, understand the hopelessness, the patience, the disappointment of a lifetime—guess at it for an instant as they stand by a sick-bed or see the poor wayfarer lying by their path. There is a group I have now in my mind that many of us may have noticed of late—some tired people resting on the road-side, a sunset marsh beyond; they have lighted a fire of which the smoke is drifting in the still air, and the tired eye looks out at the spectator and beyond him in the unconscious simplicity of suffering. We all understand it, though we have perhaps never in all our lives rested for the night, wearied, by a ditch-side. It is so true to life that we who are alive instinctively recognize its truth and uncomplaining complaint.

The persons of whom I am going to write just now, are mostwise in these sadder secrets of life, which they have learnt by long years of apprenticeship. Poor souls! We have all come across them at one time or another. Sometimes we listen to their complaint, sometimes we don't; sometimes we put out a helping hand to pull them along, sometimes we get weary, and let them go. It would almost seem as if the range of the pity that we feel for others, for the same troubles at different times, were as wide and as changeful as the very experience from which sympathies most often spring. But although it is easy enough to help our brothers and sisters seven times—more easy than to forgive them, it is difficult enough for us individually to help them seventy times seven times, and in this must lie the great superiority of institutions over individual effort, of whom the kindness is left to chance and to good-natured impulse, instead of being part of a rule that works on in all tempers and at all times.

It seemed to me the other day that it was real help that was being given to some afflicted persons whom I was taken to see, at the Incurable

Hospital on Putney Common, a few of the afflicted out of all those that are stricken and in trouble, and in numbers so great that, for the most part, we might pass on in despair if it were not for the good hope of present and future help such places afford.

We crossed Putney Bridge one bright spring day and drove up through the quaint old Putney High Street. The lilacs were beginning to flower in the gardens and behind the mossy old walls. When we had climbed the hill we came out upon a great yellow gorsy common, where all the air was sweet with the peach scent of the blossom. Its lovely yellow flame was bursting from one bush and from another, and blazing against the dull purple green of the furze. We had not very far to go. The carriage turned down a green lane, of which the trees and hedges did not hide glimpses of other lights and other blossoming commons in the distance; and when we stopped it was at a white lodge, of which the gate was hospitably open, and from whence a shady green sweep led us to a noble and stately house, which was once Melrose Hall, but which is now the Hospital for Incurables.

A little phalanx of bath chairs was drawn up round the entrance, and in each a patient was sitting basking in this first pleasant shining of summer sun. The birds were chirping in the tall trees overhead, the little winds were puffing in our faces, and those of the worn, wan, tired creatures, who had been dragged out to benefit by the comforting freshness of the day. Some of them looked up—not all—as we drove to the door.

M. sent a small boy with a card to ask for admission for some friends of Mr. H.'s, and we waited for a few minutes until the answer came. All the time that we were waiting, an eager, afflicted young fellow was trying hard to make himself intelligible to the sick man in the bath chair next to his own. The poor boy could only make anxious uncouth sounds; the sick man to whom he was speaking listened for a while, and then shook his head and turned wearily away. So it wasn't all sunshine even in the sunshine in the lovely tree-shaded garden, with the chirruping birds and lilac buds coming out. There were some attendants coming and going from chair to chair. There were other little carriages slowly progressing along the distant winding paths of the garden, and presently the message came that we might be admitted. The matron was away, but the head nurse said she would show us over the place; and she led the way across the vestibule with its pretty classical ornamentation, opening the tall doors and bringing us into the stately rooms where a different company had once assembled, and yet it was not so very different after all, for pain and ill health are no excessive respecters of persons. The Duke of Argyll, who was chairman at the last anniversary dinner, spoke of some of the persons who used to meet in these very rooms once upon a time, before they were turned to their present uses: among the rest Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, and Sir Humphry Davy. I could almost fancy the kind and familiar face of Sir Walter looking on with gentle interest and compassion at the pathetic company which is now waiting in the big drawing-room of Melrose Hall, with the stately terrace and lofty windows that let in

the light so bountifully—lame, blind, halt and maimed, from London highways and the distant country byways. They sit in groups round the tables and windows, busy, somewhat silent. At the end of the room there is a golden-piped organ, the gift of the treasurer. A governess, who is one of the patients, often plays to the others upon it, and so do the ladies who visit the place. Once when I was there some one opened the instrument and began to play. As the music filled the room we all listened, beating a sort of time together. It seemed like a promise of better things to those who were listening, for themselves and for others. This sitting-room is a lofty, stately place, as I have said, with columns and mouldings. All about there are comfortable chairs and tables, and spring sofas for aching spines that cannot sit upright, tables for work over which all these patient creatures are bending. They have still tranquil faces for the most part, quiet and pale, and resting for a time in the refuge into which they have escaped out of the weary struggle and crowd of life. The privilege is sad enough, heaven knows, and the price they have paid for it is a heavy one.

The head nurse went from one to another, and the faces all seemed to light up to meet hers. It is a very simple and infallible sign of love and of confidence. "It would not do for me to pity them too much," the kind nurse said; "I always try to speak cheerfully to them." We who only come to look on may pity and utter the commonplaces of compassion and curiosity. How tired the poor things must be of the stupid reiteration of adjectives and exclamations. There was one old woman, so nice and with such sweet eyes, that I could not help sitting down by her and saying some one of those platitudes that one has recourse to. She didn't answer, but only looked at me with an odd long look.

"She cannot speak," the nurse whispered, beckoning me away.

A few of the patients were reading, but only a few. *Good Words* seemed to be popular, and the story in it is particularly liked, they told me. Some of the patients do plain work, and as I was speaking to one of them the door opened, and a good-natured looking man came in.

"Any of the ladies like to go out for a drive to-day?" he said, in a brisk business-like tone.

Two or three voices answered, "Only Miss ——," and then Miss —— began beckoning and waving her hand from the other end of the room, and was rolled off accordingly for her drive in the garden-chair.

It was not my first visit to the hospital; but though a year had passed, there were many of the faces as I remembered them, sitting in the same corners, stitching and hooking, blind women knitting, the clever, patient fingers weaving an interest into their lives with threads of cotton and wool; one gentle-looking old lady, in a frill cap, was working a pair of slippers, dull red with bright green spots. She had but two fingers to work with, and only, I think, this one painful crippled hand; but she was working away on a frame to which her canvas was fixed.

"I cannot like your colours this time, Mrs. ——," the nurse said; "your last slippers were so pretty, and your work is so beautiful, that it is quite a pity you should not have pretty-coloured wools to set it off."

The old lady shook her head; she wouldn't be convinced. "These are lovely wools, my dear," she said. "I shall certainly go on with them. It's all your want of taste, that is what I think." And she nodded her head, and laughed and stitched on with fresh interest.

As we went upstairs we were shown lifts and pulleys and all sorts of comfortable appliances for the use of the patients. I could not help admiring the extreme order and neatness of all the arrangements, and the freshness and ventilation of all the places we went into.

In one of the rooms upstairs a funny old fellow, in a tall night-cap, was stitching away at his torn shirt-sleeves. He was sitting quite by himself in a big ward, with many empty beds in it. He laughed when he saw us, winked, waved his night-cap with an air, and then informed us he was the oldest patient, and was doing a bit of work; he didn't like to trust his shirt to others—not he—he was a poor old bachelor, he had to sew his own buttons on—and he was then very mysterious and confidential about a shirt which had been lost at the wash a year ago. Dark suspicions evidently were still haunting him on the subject, but he cheered up, winked, laughed, waved his night-cap again to us when we went away out of the room. "She is my greatest joy and comfort," he said, with a bow to the nurse, who could not help laughing. The men have much more courage than the women, they keep about until the last, this lady told us; women would be in bed and refuse to get up, when the men crawl downstairs day after day, and insist upon making the effort.

And yet in the men's sitting-room there is a much sadder, duller, and more helpless community than in the women's. The numbers are fewer, and in most cases the brain seems more hopelessly affected. One boy was making paper fly-catchers, but I don't think any of the others were doing anything. I have a vision of an old man sitting at a table, while we were there, trying to take up a broken piece of bread. His hand passed beyond it again and again; it was by a sort of chance that he feebly clutched it at last and carried it to his mouth.

It didn't seem much to be able to walk away, to look back, to remember what we had seen; and yet how is it that we are not on our knees in gratitude and thankfulness for every active motion of the body, every word we speak, every intelligent experience and interest that passes through our minds?

There was a great scampering of children's feet in one of the passages as we came up the wooden stairs, and some bright eyes peeped at us, and three little girls in the short kilts and plaid ribbons of middle-class London retreated into a room of which the door was wide open, and fled to a bedside, where they all stood shyly in a row until we could come up. Our guide led the way and we followed her in, and there from the bed a pair of big bright brown eyes, not unlike the children's, were turned upon us, and a handsome young girl, lying flat on her back, greeted us with a good-humoured smile. "Aunt Mary" the children called her. Big and handsome and strong though she looked, this poor bright-looking Aunt Mary, she was completely paralyzed as far as the head:

she could not move hand or foot ; it was a dead body with this bright bonny living face to it. She did not look more than six or seven and twenty ; she had nice thick brown hair and even white teeth. With these this brave girl had imagined for herself that with practice she should be able to hold a pencil and guide it, tracing the words against a little desk that was so contrived as to swing across her bed when wanted. She was perfectly enchanted with the contrivance, and said it was the greatest delight to her to be able to write for herself. The doctor, she told me, not without pride, had been quite surprised to receive a letter from her one day, and could not imagine how she had written it for herself.

Leaving her we crossed a passage and came to a room not far off, where two women were lying : one of them had got something in her bed that she was caressing and talking to in a plaintive pitying voice, patting as if it was some animal or living thing. M., wondering what it could be, went up to see ; she found that it was a watch of which the glass was broken. In the other bed a gentle-faced very old woman was lying, afflicted with palsy. Her poor body shook and trembled painfully as I stood beside the bed, and her hands, in attempting to meet, crossed and passed each other again and again. I said to her that I could not think how she bore her affliction so patiently, for the head nurse had told me that her sweetness was quite touching, she never complained, never said an impatient word.

"When I am not well," I said, "I grumble and complain to everybody, even for little trifling ailments. You make me feel ashamed."

"Ah," the old woman answered gently, "'tis good to be still."

She said it so simply and quietly that it came home to me then and there, the gentle remonstrance coming from the weary bed where so many long hopeless hours had passed for her, where she lay patiently enduring while we walked away. The other woman was still talking to her watch, and did not notice us as we passed.

The room, which was formerly the library, makes a delightful room for one or two of the patients. It has tall windows, opening upon a broad terrace-like balcony, and beyond are the same elm-trees and glimpses of sky and common that we see from the big room down below. There is one great sufferer here who does not often get down. She cannot sit up, from spine disease, and when I saw her last she was lying by the window, with a face wrapped in cotton wool, poor soul, for she had been suffering tortures from neuralgia ; and though the dentist had come and taken out two of her teeth, she was still in pain. The head nurse pitied her, and recommended a little blister to draw away the inflammation. The patient shrunk and laughed and shook her head. She couldn't bear any more pain, she whispered imploringly ; she wanted so to get down for a change. A little belladonna plaster where nobody would see it, under her cap, so that it shouldn't show and look ugly, and where nobody would see it, please. There were two good-sized baskets standing on a table near this patient. They were literally piled and packed with tracts. "We get a great many," she said, seeing me look at them ; "more than we can read." Poor soul ! I hope her belladonna plaster has done her good. As we

came away, the nurse stopped for a moment to speak to quite an elegant old lady, who was sitting up, extremely nicely dressed, in a chair, with a grand cap and ribbons, and a knitted lace shawl.

It was getting late, and we began to pass blue-garbed under-nurses carrying little trays with teas. The patients who are well enough to get down have their meals in the big dining-room; but these little trays looked very nice and appetising; the whole order of the place is perfectly appointed. Some of the rooms upstairs were like little bowers, with pots flowering round the windows, bird-cages hanging up, pictures on the walls of the friends of the sick people. One pale face looked at us as we passed a white bed. Her room was like a little chapel, with light streaming in from through the flowers and bird-cages and the climbing greens upon the casement, and the poor martyr, alas! lying on her rack.

There was another pale face that looked out, too, as we passed; but as we were going in the nurse stopped us, and said she feared the patient was dying; and so we moved away. I asked to be taken to a sick woman I remembered a year before a kind, merry person, who had gone through a terrible operation. She was in bed still in the same room, still looking the same, bright, friendly, with smart little curls, and a friend gossiping by her bedside.

To see such a place as this as it is, to be sorry enough and tender enough to continue to sympathize with all its suffering, would need, I think, a mind scarcely human in its powers. The whole subject is so vast, so mysterious, and utterly beyond our comprehension, that it is easier to dwell upon the comforting kindness, the helps to endurance and courage, that are to be found here more than in any place I ever saw. There was one poor girl who had been lying for seven years upon her side. All the lines of those seven years seemed to me in her white wan face. She did not complain, though her eyes complained for her; but she said she had a nice water bed—that was a great comfort; and her cup of milk and toast for tea were beside her, so nicely served and prepared that it was a pleasure to see the little meal: and there was a great bunch of spring lilac buds in a glass, that another patient had brought to her out of the garden—the first of the year.

Upstairs, higher still, there is a room which is not generally shown, where a strange weird party of poor little deformities are assembled. Little women with huge heads, so sad, so grotesque, and horrible, that one's very pity is scarcely pity, but wonder. They were sitting round a little tea-table, which they were preparing for themselves; one of them was boiling the kettle. They seemed quite happy and busy. It was like some pantomime of nature; like some strange people out of another planet, sitting together and staring at us with those huge weird-like faces, supported by living bodies. And yet with all its endless combination of pain and of sorrow this hospital does not send us away sad and rebellious at heart, as do many refuges for sorrow and trouble: for instance, a work-house ward, where there are cases often enough that might be admitted here if there was room for them; or a sick close room, in a narrow street,



where the healthy and unhealthy are shut up together for days and for nights. Here where there is such great suffering, there is also great comfort and tender nursing and companionship; there are trees, and grasses, and sweet lilac, and gorse-blown winds, close at hand. There is a certain liberality in all the arranging and economy of the place, that seems to disprove the practical notion of Charity being a grinding, snubbing sort of personage, who would like to get the scales into her own hand if she could, and to weigh out her kindnesses by the ounce. Such a plan as this would defeat its own object if the inmates were not well and generously tended. Perhaps I should in fairness confess to having heard of the bitter complaints of one of the patients, who had a fancy for lobsters every day, and who was denied this delicacy; but she is not the first to long for the unattainable, and certainly, to some of us, grumbling is almost as great a privilege as eating lobsters every day.

It seems fitting and seemly that in a great country like ours there should be munificent charities, comforting and liberal in their dealings; one only longs that their doors should be set open more widely, if possible, to the crowds that are waiting about them for admission. Here is a paper before me, it is two years old, and I know not how many have succeeded in their efforts; but looking at it, it would indeed appear as if the wayfarers were lying all along the road, and the Samaritan passing by has only one ass to carry them away upon.

These biographies are not very long in writing, and I may quote one or two that I have copied off the list:—

Paralysis, loss of speech .....	Captain of a Steam-vessel.
Disease of the Brain and Debility.....	Governess.
Disease of the Spine and Joints, Paralysis .....	Governess.
Paralysis .....	Captain of a Mail Steamer.
Disease of Spine and Throat .....	Schoolmistress.
Injury to Spine.....	Working Engineer.
Paralysis and Asthma.....	Master Tailor.

These are seven out of a 160—a whole sad life of labour and suffering told in a few words. There are laundry-women, servants, journeymen, dressmakers. It is a comfort to turn back to those who are safely within reach of kind hands, helpful appliances, and friendly words such as those which I heard the head-nurse speaking to her patients, as I followed her about from one room to another.

It has been proposed lately to establish a hospital on somewhat similar principles for children, with this one comforting proviso that the children are to be cured if possible. A doctor of very great experience and reputation, who once superintended a children's hospital in Paris, and for whose opinion his friends have a great and just regard, was speaking on the subject to a friend, and saying that there are many chronic cases in childhood deemed incurable, which are in reality perfectly curable, but which require a doctoring of fresh air, of regular diet, of cleanliness, &c., that it is impossible they should receive at home. I believe it was in

this way the idea originated, and now the hospital really seems in a fair way to being established. Four or five people have each promised a hundred a year towards it, of their own accord, without solicitation. When a thousand a year is assured the hospital will be begun. A big garden is the first thing wanted, for the children to play in and to exercise their limbs. The children's hospitals, admirable as they are, cannot keep the little things always, and are obliged to change their patients constantly. Anybody who has seen the piteous crowd waiting at the doors in Great Ormond Street will understand the necessity there is for more and more such help and assistance to the good work which is done there.

Only yesterday there was a little patient who had been discharged almost cured from what seemed a hopeless and chronic illness, after only two months of care in the children's hospital, who was begging and praying to go back from his home in the back kitchen with the mangle. One patient! A hundred—a thousand, to-morrow, if one searched for them, and knew what to do with them when one had found them or where to send them. This incurable children's hospital has, however, good friends among people who love their own children, and who are willing to come forward with generous hearts and great sums to assist it, and there is great hope of its speedy establishment.

But one of the greatest difficulties that have to be contended against at present in the management of anything of the sort, is the extraordinary system which has grown up all about us, and which seems to be almost impossible to contend with.

I have the reports before me now of two hospitals, conducted by different people, each doing a great and important work. How much the help might be extended if the machinery were more simple and the manner of administering aid less complicated and costly, it would be hard to say. A great country like ours should have noble charities; niggardliness seems to me a far more deprecable fault than excess of generosity in the help afforded. But what people complain of, and with reason, I think, is that part of the money they subscribe, instead of going to the objects of their charity, the attendance, the food, the comfort of the patients, is by the mere fashion and necessity of the day put to strange and vexing purposes—to printing little books that nobody reads, to sending circulars that go straight into the fire, to arranging an elaborate machinery of admission that in no way benefits the patients. The postage and advertising and printing of two hospitals comes to 1,300*l.* in the course of a year; of which 100*l.* a year for the postage of each hospital represents something like, say, 240,000 letters. I don't know how many hard days' work 240,000 letters would mean, and how many of them are mere circulars, or how many might be spared; but it seems as if so much of our energy went into advertising and crying our good intentions that, in time, there will be no strength or time left for anything else.

An experiment has been partially tried at an institution where no canvassing is allowed, and no public election. The votes—so a friend to whom

I had spoken on the subject writes—are quietly “counted at the office, and the results announced.” He, however, goes on to say that this plan is not successful in a pecuniary point of view; and a charity in which all the power was vested in a committee would have still less chance of success. I had spoken to him on the subject of this incurable hospital, and asked why the most pressing cases were not elected by a competent board instead of those people having the best chance who had most friends, and whose friends were most active in their behalf. “You do not know,” he said, “all the outcry and discontent that such a proceeding would give rise to. We should be accused of unfairness, of partiality. We ourselves dislike the system as much as you do, but we cannot help ourselves; we are obliged to give in to the common cry and common weakness of human nature, and to take the good and the bad as they come together.” And so it is, and we must be content to accept things as they are, but with the bad and the good there is certainly given to each one of us an instinct for better things, and is it quite impossible that any effort should ever be made to disembarass good and noble things from the cumber of selfish interest patronage which weight them so heavily? Is there no divine indignation left among us strong enough to overturn the tables of the money-changers, to chase away those that sell doves in the temple.

What a horrible complication it seems looking at it honestly with unbiassed eyes! Is it possible that we are sunk so low, that we can not give freely and with generous, tender, and grateful hearts, without this hideous system of patronage, of rules, of complimentary clapping, of bad dinners and wines, of subscription lists and names affixed to little miserable scraps of crumbs from our table that should make us ashamed instead of complacent, as we turn to B or A or whatever our initial may be, and see our honest name set down with a shabby price to it like the cheap rubbish in a huxter's shop.

I think Mr. Froude, in his essay on *Representative Men*, has put words to a difficulty which a great many have felt but which few people have put words to before. It is a difficulty of words in itself: and concerns the constant cry of the age, the advice of the preacher, which comes to us from every side calling and urging us to be good, and bidding us be noble, crying that to us is entrusted a mission of love and of charity. “Go forth,” so they say, “Go forth and fulfil it.” And then the difficulty occurs to some of us, where are we to go forth? how are we to be good? when are we to be noble? Passive charity is useless without a practical use for it, and so the teachers acknowledge. But have you no neighbours to tend? they cry, no sufferers to comfort by the way? Are there no wayfarers who have fallen by the roadside? And all this is true enough,—too true, alas!—for the wounded wayfarers may be counted by thousands.

And yet as I write I feel that the preacher is right in the main, though his talk is satire, and he has not sufficiently applied the science of the truth he instinctively feels to the daily facts of life. Life, I suppose, must

for most of us be a rule of thumb—if I may be allowed so to speak ; and to go forth must mean to take a cab and call upon a dull friend, or to protest, when we see occasion, against wrong-doing of any sort, or to take trouble about things that do not interest or concern us very much. There are some noble and honest natures to whom instinctively the impulse comes for action, and for right and great action too,—some lives whose love and example are benedictions to those who are about them,—one noble tender heart leavening the dough by its unconscious generous tenderness and example. These people need ask no questions, for theirs are the voices that answer, not in preaching, but by their simpleness, their truth, their tender impulse. As a rule we who ask are not the people who work and achieve.

A woman died not long ago who had lived some twenty-six or twenty-seven years one of those lives that do not question for themselves, but that seem like answers to the vague aspirations of others. I do not know if I may write her name, but those who have loved this lady will know how it is that I quote her as one of the examples of this bright and resolute devotion, that shines like a beacon in the storm to those who are wandering about in search of a way. She was the head nurse of the hospital at Lincoln, where in time a terrible mortality and illness overtaxed her strength, and her strength of life being gone, she died. And as I write these words, there comes the news of the passing away of a man whose kindness and true Christian strength of heart and of mind, spoke better than any words what a life can be—a blessing, a kindness, a help in trouble, to all those who have lived round about it.

I have drifted away from the incurables a little ; any one who likes to go and see the place is welcome, and no one can go without coming away touched and humbled, and perhaps a little the better for the visit.

The privilege is a sad one, heaven knows, that belongs to all these poor people ; but sad as it is, when one looks at these gentle and tranquil faces, it is hard to think of those still outside, in a world that looks peaceful enough, and pleasant and green to-day from these open windows, but which is a weary, illimitable place for those who, with paralysed limbs and racked bodies, are hopelessly and helplessly trying to escape from the overwhelming tramp of the legions by which they are overwhelmed : legions that advance upon them as one has sometimes dreamt in dreams, by every road, by every turn of life. I can imagine poor wearied, hunted souls trying to fly from want, from anguish, from loneliness, from neglect and cruel words, but their limbs will not carry them ; they cannot work, they are too weak even to beg, friends weary, subsistence fails, their own hearts fail. The Duke of Argyll says that nearly 6,000 people annually leave the London hospitals suffering from incurable disease. Of these how many must there be in miserable condition. One's own heart might indeed fail at the thought of such tremendous calamity ; but for 6,000 incurables, how many hundreds of thousands are there not among us who are well and strong, and who have enough to live and enough to give to others, and asses and pennies to spare for others in their need ?

## Anarchy and Authority.

(CONTINUED.)

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I COME now to the last of those obstacles which our national character and habits seem to oppose to the extrication and elevation of that best self, or paramount right reason, which we have been led to look for as our true guardian against anarchy, and only sound centre of authority at the present time. This last, and perhaps greatest, obstacle is our preference of doing to thinking. Now this preference goes very deep, and as we study it we find ourselves opening up a number of large questions on every side.

Let me go back for a moment to what I have already quoted from Bishop Wilson:—"First, never go against the best light you have; secondly, take care that your light be not darkness." I said we show, as a nation, laudable energy and persistence in walking according to the best light we have, but are not quite careful enough, perhaps, to see that our light be not darkness. This is only another version of the old story that energy is our strong point and favourable characteristic, rather than intelligence. But we may give to this idea a more general form still, in which it will have a yet larger range of application. We may regard this energy driving at practice, this paramount sense of the obligation of duty, self-control, and work, this earnestness in going manfully with the best light we have, as one force; and this intelligence driving at the ideas which are, after all, the basis of right practice, this ardent sense for all the new and changing combinations of them which man's development brings with it, this indomitable impulse to know and adjust them perfectly, as another force. And these two forces we may regard as in some sense rivals—rivals not by the necessity of their own nature, but as exhibited in man and his history—and rivals dividing the empire of the world between them. And to give these forces names from the two races of men who have supplied the most signal and splendid manifestations of them, we may call them respectively the forces of Hebraism and Hellenism. Hebraism and Hellenism—between these two points of influence moves our world. At one time it feels more powerfully the attraction of one of them, at another time of the other; and it ought to be, though it never is, evenly and happily balanced between them.

The final aim of both Hellenism and Hebraism, as of all great spiritual disciplines, is no doubt the same: man's perfection or salvation. The very language which they both of them use in schooling us to reach this

aim is often identical. Even when their language indicates by variation—sometimes a broad variation, often a but slight and subtle variation—the different courses of thought which are uppermost in each discipline, even then the unity of the final end and aim is still apparent. To employ the actual words of that discipline with which we ourselves are all of us most familiar, and the words of which, therefore, come most home to us, that final end and aim is “that we might be partakers of the divine nature.” These are the words of a Hebrew apostle, but of Hellenism and Hebraism alike this is, I say, the aim. When the two are confronted, as they very often are confronted, it is nearly always with what I may call a rhetorical purpose; the speaker's whole design is to exalt and enthrone one of the two, and he uses the other only as a foil and to enable him the better to give effect to his purpose. Obviously, with us, it is usually Hellenism which is thus reduced to minister to the triumph of Hebraism. There is a sermon on Greece and the Greek spirit by a man never to be mentioned without interest and respect, Frederick Robertson, in which this rhetorical use of Greece and the Greek spirit, and the inadequate exhibition of them necessarily consequent upon this, is almost ludicrous, and would be censurable if it were not to be explained by the exigencies of a sermon. On the other hand, Heinrich Heine, and other writers of his turn, give us the spectacle of the tables completely turned, and of Hebraism brought in just as a foil and contrast to Hellenism, and to make the superiority of Hellenism more manifest. In both these cases there is injustice and misrepresentation; the aim and end of both Hebraism and Hellenism is, as I have said, one and the same, and this aim and end is august and admirable.

Still, they pursue this aim by very different courses. The uppermost idea with Hellenism is to see things as they really are; the uppermost idea with Hebraism is conduct and obedience. Nothing can do away with this ineffaceable difference; the Greek quarrel with the body and its desires is, that they hinder right thinking, the Hebrew quarrel with them is, that they hinder right acting. “He that keepeth the law, happy is he;” “There is nothing sweeter than to take heed unto the commandments of the Lord;” that is the Hebrew notion of felicity; and, pursued with passion and tenacity, this notion would not let the Hebrew rest till, as is well known, he had, at last, got out of the law a network of prescriptions to enwrap his whole life, to govern every moment of it, every impulse, every action. The Greek notion of felicity, on the other hand, is perfectly conveyed in these words of a great French moralist: “*C'est le bonheur des hommes*”—when? when they turn from their iniquities?—no; when they exercise themselves in the law of the Lord day and night?—no; when they lose their life to save it?—no; when they walk about the New Jerusalem with palms in their hands?—no; but when they think aright, when their thought hits—“*quand ils pensent juste.*”—At the bottom of both the Greek and the Hebrew notion is the desire, native in man, for



reason and the will of God, the feeling after the universal order, in a word, the love of God; but, while Hebraism seizes on certain plain, capital intimations of the universal order, and rivets itself, one may say, with unequalled grandeur of earnestness and intensity to the study and observance of them, the bent of Hellenism is to follow, with flexible activity, the whole play of the universal order, to be apprehensive of missing any part of it, of sacrificing one part to another, to slip away from resting in this or that intimation of it, however capital. An unclouded clearness of mind, an unimpeded play of thought, is what this bent drives at. The governing idea of Hellenism is spontaneity of consciousness; that of Hebraism, strictness of conscience.

Christianity changed nothing in this essential bent of Hebraism to set doing above knowing. Self-conquest, the following not our own individual will, but the will of God, *obedience*, is the fundamental idea of this form, also, of the discipline to which we have attached the general name of Hebraism. Only, as the old law and the network of prescriptions with which it enveloped human life were evidently a motive power not driving and searching enough to produce the result aimed at—patient continuance in well doing, self-conquest—Christianity substituted for them boundless devotion to that inspiring and affecting pattern of self-conquest offered by Christ; and by the new motive power, of which the essence was this, though the love and admiration of Christian churches have for centuries been employed in varying, amplifying, and adorning the plain description of it, Christianity, as St. Paul truly says, “establishes the law,” and in the strength of the ampler power which she has thus supplied to fulfil it, has accomplished the miracles, which we all see, of her history.

So long as we do not forget that both Hellenism and Hebraism are profound and admirable manifestations of man's life, tendencies, and powers, and that both of them aim at a like final result, we can hardly insist too strongly on the divergence of line and of operation with which they proceed. It is a divergence so great that it most truly, as the prophet Zechariah says, “has raised up thy sons, O Zion, against thy sons, O Greece!” The difference whether it is by doing or by knowing that we set most store, and the practical consequences which follow from this difference, leave their mark on all the history of our race and of its development. Language may be abundantly quoted from both Hellenism and Hebraism to make it seem that one follows the same current as the other towards the same goal. They are borne towards the same goal; but the currents which bear them are infinitely different. It is true, Solomon will praise knowing: “Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath it;” and in the New Testament, again, Christ is a “light,” and “truth makes us free.” It is true Aristotle will undervalue knowing: in what concerns virtue, says he, three things are necessary—knowledge, deliberate will, and perseverance; but, whereas the two last are all-important, the first is a matter of little importance.” It is true that with the same



impatience with which St. James enjoins a man to be not a forgetful hearer, but a *doer of the word*, Epictetus exhorts us to *do* what we have demonstrated to ourselves we ought to do; or he taunts us with futility, for being armed at all points to prove that lying is wrong, yet all the time continuing to lie. It is true, Plato, in words which are almost the words of the New Testament, or the Imitation, calls life a learning to die. But underneath the superficial agreement the fundamental divergence still subsists. The understanding of Solomon is "the walking in the way of the commandments;" this is "the way of peace," and it is of this that blessedness comes. In the New Testament, the truth which gives us the peace of God and makes us free, is the love of Christ constraining us to crucify, as he did, and with a like purpose of moral regeneration, the flesh with its affections and lusts, and thus establishing, as we have seen, the law. To St. Paul, it appears possible to "hold the truth in unrighteousness," which is just what Socrates judged impossible. The moral virtues, on the other hand, are with Aristotle but the porch and access to the intellectual, and with these last is blessedness. That partaking of the divine life, which both Hellenism and Hebraism, as we have said, fix as their crowning aim, Plato expressly denies to the man of practical virtue merely, of self-conquest with any other motive than that of perfect intellectual vision; he reserves it for the lover of pure knowledge, of seeing things as they really are—the *φιδουαδής*.

Both Hellenism and Hebraism arise out of the wants of human nature, and address themselves to satisfying those wants. But their methods are so different, they lay stress on such different points, and call into being by their respective disciplines such different activities, that the face which human nature presents when it passes from the hands of one of them to those of the other, is no longer the same. To get rid of one's ignorance, to see things as they are, and by seeing them as they are to see them in their beauty, is the simple and attractive ideal which Hellenism holds out before human nature; and from the simplicity and charm of this ideal, Hellenism, and human life in the hands of Hellenism, is invested with a kind of ærial ease, clearness, and radiancy; they are full of what we call sweetness and light. Difficulties are kept out of view, and the beauty and rationalness of the ideal have all our thoughts. "The best man is he who most tries to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who most feels that he is perfecting himself,"—this account of the matter by Socrates, the true Socrates of the *Memorabilia*, has something so simple, spontaneous, and unsophisticated about it, that it seems to fill us with clearness and hope when we hear it. But there is a saying which I have heard attributed to Mr. Carlyle about Socrates—a very happy saying, whether it is really Mr. Carlyle's or not—which excellently marks the essential point in which Hebraism differs from Hellenism. "Socrates," this saying runs, "is terribly at ease in Zion." Hebraism—and here is the source of its wonderful strength—has always been severely preoccupied with a severe

sense of the impossibility of being at ease in Zion; of the difficulties which oppose themselves to man's pursuit or attainment of that perfection of which Socrates talks so hopefully, and, as from this point of view one might almost say, so glibly. It is all very well to talk of getting rid of one's ignorance, of seeing things in their reality, seeing them in their beauty; but how is this to be done when there is something which thwarts and spoils all our efforts? This something is sin; and the space which sin fills in Hebraism, as compared with Hellenism, is indeed prodigious. This obstacle to perfection fills the whole scene, and perfection appears remote and rising away from earth, in the background. Under the name of sin, the difficulties of knowing oneself and conquering oneself which impede man's passage to perfection, become, for Hebraism, a positive, active entity hostile to man, a mysterious power which I heard Dr. Pusey the other day, in one of his impressive sermons, compare to a hideous hunchback seated on our shoulders, and which it is the main business of our lives to hate and oppose. The discipline of the Old Testament may be summed up as a discipline teaching us to abhor and flee from sin; the discipline of the New Testament, as a discipline teaching us to die to it. As Hellenism speaks of thinking clearly, seeing things in their essence and beauty, as a grand and precious feat for man to achieve, so Hebraism speaks of becoming conscious of sin, of awakening to a sense of sin, as a feat of this kind. It is obvious to what wide divergence these differing tendencies, actively followed, must lead. As one passes and repasses from Hellenism to Hebraism, from Plato to St. Paul, one feels inclined to rub one's eyes and ask oneself whether man is indeed a gentle and simple being, showing the traces of a noble and divine nature, or an unhappy chained captive, labouring with groanings that cannot be uttered to free himself from the body of this death.

Apparently it was the Hellenic conception of human nature which was unsound, for the world could not live by it. Absolutely to call it unsound, however, is to fall into the common error of its Hebraising enemies; but it was unsound at that particular moment of man's development, it was premature. The indispensable basis of conduct and self-control, the platform upon which alone the perfection aimed at by Greece can come into bloom, was not to be reached by our race so easily; centuries of probation and discipline were needed to bring them to it. The bright promise of Hellenism faded, and Hebraism ruled the world. Then was seen that astonishing spectacle, so well marked by the often quoted words of the prophet Zechariah, when men of all languages of the nations took hold of the skirt of him that was a Jew, saying:—"We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you." And the Hebraism which thus received and led a world all gone out of the way and altogether become unprofitable, was, and could not but be, the later, the more spiritual, the more attractive development of Hebraism; Hebraism aiming at self-conquest and rescue

from the thrall of vile affections, not by obedience to the letter of a law, but by conformity to the image of a self-sacrificing example. To a world stricken with moral enervation Christianity offered its spectacle of an inspired self-sacrifice; to men who refused themselves nothing, it showed one who refused himself everything—"my Saviour banished joy," says George Herbert. When the *alma Venus*, the life-giving and joy-giving power of nature, so fondly cherished by the Pagan world, could not save her followers from self-dissatisfaction and ennui, the severe words of the apostle came bracingly and refreshingly: "Let no man deceive you with vain words, for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience." For age after age, and generation after generation, our race, or all that part of our race which was most living and progressive, was baptized into a death, and endeavoured, by suffering in the flesh, to cease from sin. Of this endeavour, the animating labours and afflictions of early Christianity, the touching asceticism of mediæval Christianity, are the great historical manifestations. Literary monuments of it, each, in its own way, incomparable, remain in the Epistles of St. Paul, in St. Augustine's Confessions, and in the two original and simplest books of the Imitation.\*

Of two disciplines laying their main stress, the one, on clear intelligence, the other, on firm obedience; the one, on comprehensively knowing the grounds of one's duty, the other, on diligently practising it; the one, on taking all possible care (to use Bishop Wilson's words again) that the light we have be not darkness, the other, that according to the best light we have, we diligently walk,—the priority naturally belongs to that discipline which braces man's moral powers, and founds for him an indispensable basis of character. And, therefore, it is justly said of the Jewish people, who were charged with setting powerfully forth that side of the divine order to which the words *conscience* and *self-conquest* point, that they were "entrusted with the oracles of God," as it is justly said of Christianity which followed Judaism and which set forth this side with a much deeper effectiveness and a much wider influence, that the wisdom of the old Pagan world was foolishness compared to it. No words of devotion and admiration can be too strong to render thanks to these great forces which have so borne forward humanity in its appointed work of coming to the knowledge and possession of itself; above all, at those great moments when their action was the wholesomest and the most necessary. But the evolution of these forces, separately and in themselves, is not the whole evolution of humanity—their single history is not the whole history of man; whereas their admirers are always apt to make it stand for the whole history. Hebraism and Hellenism are, neither of them, the *law* of human development, as their admirers are prone to make them; they are, each of them, *contributions*

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\* The two first books.

to human development—august contributions, invaluable contributions; and each showing themselves to us more august, more invaluable, more preponderant over the other, according to the moment in which we take them, and the relation in which we stand to them. The nations of our modern world, children of that immense and salutary movement which broke up the Pagan world, inevitably stand to Hellenism in a relation which dwarfs it, and to Hebraism in a relation which magnifies it. They are inevitably prone to take Hebraism as the law of human development, and not as simply a contribution to it, however precious. And yet the lesson must perforce be learned, that the human spirit is wider than the most priceless of the forces which move it, and that to the whole development of man Hebraism itself is, like Hellenism, but a contribution.

Perhaps this may be made clearer by an illustration drawn from the treatment of a single great idea which has profoundly engaged the human spirit, and has given it eminent opportunities for showing its nobleness and energy. It surely must be perceived that the idea of the immortality of the soul, as this idea rises in its generality before the human spirit, is something grander, truer, and more satisfying than the forms by which St. Paul, in the famous chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians, and Plato, in the *Phædo*, endeavour to develop and establish it. Who does not feel, that the argumentation with which the Hebrew apostle goes about to expound this great idea is confused and inconclusive, and that the reasoning, drawn from analogies of likeness and equality, which is employed upon it by the Greek philosopher, is over-subtle and sterile? Above and beyond the inadequate solutions which Hebraism and Hellenism here attempt, extends the immense and august problem itself, and the human spirit which gave birth to it.

Meanwhile, by alternations of Hebraism and Hellenism, of man's intellectual and moral impulses, of the effort to see things as they really are, and the effort to win peace by self-conquest, the human spirit proceeds, and each of these two forces has its appointed hours of culmination and seasons of rule. As the great movement of Christianity was a triumph of Hebraism and man's moral impulses, so the great movement which goes by the name of the Renaissance (but why should we not give to this foreign word, destined to become of more common use amongst us, a more English form, and say Renaissance?) was an uprising and re-instatement of man's intellectual impulses and of Hellenism. We in England, the devoted children of Protestantism, chiefly know the Renaissance by its subordinate and secondary side of the Reformation. The Reformation has been often called a Hebraising revival, a return to the ardour and sincerity of primitive Christianity. No one, however, can study the development of Protestantism and of Protestant churches without feeling that into the Reformation too,—Hebraising child of the Renaissance and offspring of its fervour rather than its intelligence, as it undoubtedly was,—the subtle Hellenic leaven of the Renaissance found its way, and the exact respective

parts in the Reformation, of Hebraism and of Hellenism, are not easy to separate. But what we may with truth say is, that all which Protestantism was to itself clearly conscious of, all which it succeeded in clearly setting forth in words, had the characters of Hebraism rather than of Hellenism. The Reformation was strong, in that it was an earnest return to the Bible and to doing from the heart the will of God as there written; it was weak, in that it never consciously grasped or applied the central idea of the Renaissance—the Hellenic idea of pursuing, in all lines of activity, the law and science, to use Plato's words, of things as they really are. Whatever superiority, therefore, Protestantism had over Catholicism was a moral superiority, a superiority arising out of its greater sincerity and earnestness,—at the moment of its apparition at any rate,—in dealing with the heart and conscience; its pretensions to an intellectual superiority are in general quite illusory. For Hellenism, for the thinking side in man as distinguished from the acting side, the attitude of mind of Protestantism towards the Bible in no respect differs from the attitude of mind of Catholicism towards the Church. The mental habit of him who imagines that Balaam's ass spoke, in no respect differs from the mental habit of him who imagines that a Madonna of wood or stone winked; and the one, who says that God's Church makes him believe what he believes, and the other, who says that God's Word makes him believe what he believes, are for the philosopher perfectly alike in not really and truly knowing, when they say *God's Church* and *God's Word*, what it is they say, or whereof they affirm.

I do not think it has been enough observed how in the seventeenth century a fate befell Hellenism in some respects analogous to that which befell it at the commencement of our era. The Renaissance, that great awakening of Hellenism, that irresistible return of humanity to nature and to seeing things as they are, which in art, in literature, and in physics produced such splendid fruits, had, like the anterior Hellenism of the Pagan world, a side of moral weakness and of relaxation or insensibility of the moral fibre, which in Italy showed itself with the most startling plainness, but which in France, England, and other countries was very apparent too. Again this loss of spiritual balance, this exclusive preponderance given to man's perceiving and knowing side, this unnatural defect of his feeling and acting side, provoked a reaction. Let us trace that reaction where it most nearly concerns us.

Science has now made visible to everybody the great and pregnant elements of difference which lie in race, and in how signal a manner they make the genius and history of an Indo-European people vary from those of a Semitic people. Hellenism is of Indo-European growth, Hebraism is of Semitic growth, and we English, a nation of Indo-European stock, seem to belong naturally to the movement of Hellenism. But nothing more strongly marks the essential unity of man than the affinities we can perceive, in this point or that, between members of one

family of peoples and members of another ; and no affinity of this kind is more strongly marked than that likeness in the strength and prominence of the moral fibre, which, notwithstanding immense elements of difference, knits in some special sort the genius and history of us English, and of our American descendants across the Atlantic, to the genius and history of the Hebrew people. Puritanism, which has been so great a power in the English nation, and in the strongest part of the English nation, was originally the reaction, in the seventeenth century, of the conscience and moral sense of our race, against the moral indifference and lax rule of conduct which in the sixteenth century came in with the Renaissance. It was a reaction of Hebraism against Hellenism ; and it powerfully manifested itself, as was natural, in a people with much of what we call a Hebraising turn, with a signal affinity for the bent which was the master bent of Hebrew life. Eminently Indo-European by its *humour*, by the power it shows, through this gift, of imaginatively acknowledging the multiform aspects of the problem of life, and of thus getting itself unfixed from its own over-certainty, of smiling at its own over-tenacity, our race has yet (and a great part of its strength lies here), in matters of practical life and moral conduct, a strong share of the assuredness, the tenacity, the intensity of the Hebrews. This turn manifested itself in Puritanism, and has had a great part in shaping our history for the last two hundred years. Undoubtedly it checked and changed amongst us that movement of the Renaissance which we see producing in the reign of Elizabeth such wonderful fruits ; undoubtedly it stopped the prominent rule and direct development of that order of ideas which we call by the name of Hellenism, and gave the first rank to a different order of ideas. Apparently, too, as we said of the former defeat of Hellenism, if Hellenism was defeated, this shows that Hellenism was imperfect, and that its ascendancy at that moment would not have been for the world's good. Yet there is a very important difference between the defeat inflicted on Hellenism by Christianity eighteen hundred years ago, and the check given to the Renaissance by Puritanism. The greatness of the difference is well measured by the difference in force, beauty, significance and usefulness, between primitive Christianity and Protestantism. Eighteen hundred years ago it was altogether the hour of Hebraism ; primitive Christianity was legitimately and truly the ascendant force in the world at that time, and the way of mankind's progress lay through its full development. Another hour in man's development began in the fifteenth century, and the main road of his progress then lay for a time through Hellenism. Puritanism was no longer the central current of the world's progress, it was a side stream crossing the central current and checking it. The cross and the check may have been necessary and salutary, but that does not do away with the essential difference between the main stream of man's advance and a cross or side stream. For more than two hundred years the main stream of man's advance has moved towards knowing himself and



the world, seeing things as they are, spontaneity of consciousness; the main impulse of a great part, and that the strongest part, of our nation, has been towards strictness of conscience. They have made the secondary the principal at the wrong moment, and the principal they have at the wrong moment treated as secondary. This contravention of the natural order has produced, as such contravention always must produce, a certain confusion and false movement, of which we are now beginning to feel, in almost every direction, the inconvenience.

The matter here opened is so large, and the trains of thought to which it gives rise are so manifold, that we must be careful to limit ourselves scrupulously to what has a direct bearing upon our present discussion. We have found that at the bottom of our present unsettled state, so full of the seeds of trouble, lies the notion of its being the prime right and happiness, for each of us, to be doing, and to be doing freely and as he likes. We have found at the bottom of it the disbelief in right reason as a lawful authority. It was easy to show from our practice and current history that this is so; but it was impossible to show why it is so without taking a somewhat wider sweep and going into things a little more deeply. Why, in fact, should good, well-meaning, energetic, sensible people, like the bulk of our countrymen, come to have such light belief in right reason, and such an exaggerated value for their own independent doing, however crude? The answer is: because of an exclusive and excessive development in them, without due allowance for time, place, and circumstance, of that side of human nature, and that group of human forces, to which we have given the general name of Hebraism. Because they have thought their real and only important obedience was owed to a power not of this world, and that this power was interested in the moral side of their nature almost exclusively. Thus they have been led to regard in themselves as the one thing needful, strictness of conscience, the staunch adherence to some fixed law of doing we have got already, instead of spontaneity of consciousness, which tends continually to enlarge our whole law of doing. They think they have in their religion a sufficient basis for the whole of their life fixed and certain for ever, a full law of conduct and a full law of thought, so far as thought is needed, as well; whereas what they really have is a law of conduct, a law of unexampled power for enabling them to war against the law of sin in their members, and not to serve it in the lusts thereof. The book which contains this invaluable law they call the Word of God, and attribute to it, as I have said, and as, indeed, is perfectly well known, a reach and sufficiency co-extensive with all the wants of human nature. This might, no doubt, be so, if humanity were not the composite thing it is, if it had only, or eminently, a moral side and the group of instincts and powers which we call moral. But it has besides, and no less eminently, an intellectual side and the group of instincts and powers which we call intellectual. No doubt mankind makes in general its progress in a fashion which gives at one time full swing to one of



these groups of instincts, at another time to the other, and man's faculties are so intertwined, that when his moral side and the current of force which we call Hebraism, is uppermost, this side will manage somehow to provide, or appear to provide, satisfaction for his intellectual needs; and when his moral side, and the current of force which we call Hellenism, is uppermost, this, again, will provide, or appear to provide, satisfaction for men's moral needs. But sooner or later it becomes manifest that when the two sides of humanity proceed in this fashion of alternate preponderance, and not of mutual understanding and balance, the side which is uppermost does not really provide in a satisfactory manner for the needs of the side which is undermost, and a state of struggle and confusion is the result. The Hellenic half of our nature bearing rule makes a sort of provision for the Hebrew half, but it turns out to be an inadequate provision; and again the Hebrew half of our nature bearing rule makes a sort of provision for the Hellenic half, but this, too, turns out to be an inadequate provision. The true and smooth order of humanity's development is not reached in either way. And therefore, while we willingly admit with the Christian apostle that the world by wisdom—that is, by the isolated preponderance of its intellectual impulses—knew not God, or the true order of things, it is yet necessary, also, to set up a sort of converse to this proposition, and to say (what is equally true) that the world by Puritanism knew not God. And it is on this converse of the apostle's proposition that it is particularly needful to insist in our own country just at present.

Here, indeed, is the answer to many criticisms which have been addressed to all that we have said in praise of sweetness and light. Sweetness and light evidently have to do with the bent or side in humanity which we call Hellenic. Greek intelligence has obviously for its essence the instinct for what Plato calls the true, firm, the intelligible law of things; the love of light, of seeing things as they are. Even in the natural sciences, where the Greeks had not time and means adequately to apply this instinct, and where we have gone a great deal further than they did, it is this instinct which is the root of the whole matter and the ground of all our success, and this instinct the world has mainly learnt of the Greeks, inasmuch as they are humanity's most signal manifestation of it. Greek art, again, Greek beauty, have their root in the same impulse to see things as they really are, inasmuch as both rest on fidelity to nature—the *best* nature—and on a delicate discrimination of what this best nature is. To say we work for sweetness and light, then, is only another way of saying that we work for Hellenism. But, oh! cry many people, sweetness and light are not enough; you must put strength or energy along with them, and make a kind of trinity of strength, sweetness and light, and then, perhaps, you may do some good. That is to say, we are to join Hebraism, strictness of the moral conscience, and manful walking by the best light we have, together with Hellenism, inculcate both, and rehearse the praises of

both. Or, rather, we may praise both in conjunction, but we must be careful to praise Hebraism most. "Culture," says an acute, though somewhat rigid critic, Mr. Sidgwick, "diffuses sweetness and light. I do not undervalue these blessings, but religion gives fire and strength, and the world wants fire and strength even more than sweetness and light." By religion, let me explain, Mr. Sidgwick here means particularly that Puritanism on the insufficiency of which I have been commenting and to which he says I am unfair. Now, no doubt, it is possible to be a fanatical partisan of light and the instincts which push us to it, a fanatical enemy of strictness of moral conscience and the instincts which push us to it; a fanaticism of this sort deforms and vulgarises the well-known work, in some respects so remarkable, of the late Mr. Buckle. Such a fanaticism carries its own mark with it, in lacking sweetness, and its own penalty, in that, lacking sweetness, it comes in the end to lack light too. And the Greeks—the great exponents of humanity's bent for sweetness and light united, of its perception that the truth of things must be at the same time beauty—singularly escaped the fanaticism which we moderns, whether we Hellenise or whether we Hebraise, are so apt to show, and arrived—though failing, as has been said, to give adequate practical satisfaction to the claims of man's moral side—at the idea of a comprehensive adjustment of the claims of both the sides in man, the moral as well as the intellectual, of a full estimate of both, and of a reconciliation of both, an idea which is philosophically of the greatest value, and the best of lessons for us moderns. So we ought to have no difficulty in conceding to Mr. Sidgwick that manful walking by the best light one has—fire and strength as he calls it—has its high value as well as culture, the endeavour to see things in their truth and beauty, the pursuit of sweetness and light. But whether at this or that time, and to this or that set of persons, one ought to insist most on the praises of fire and strength, or on the praises of sweetness and light, must depend, one would think, on the circumstances and needs of that particular time and those particular persons. And all that we have been saying, and indeed any glance at the world around us, shows that with us, with the most respectable and strongest part of us, the ruling force is now, and long has been, a Puritan force, the care for fire and strength, strictness of conscience, Hebraism, rather than the care for sweetness and light, spontaneity of consciousness, Hellenism. Well, then, what is the good of our now rehearsing the praises of fire and strength to ourselves, who dwell too exclusively on them already? When Mr. Sidgwick says so broadly that the world wants fire and strength even more than sweetness and light, is he not carried away by a turn for powerful generalisation? does he not forget that the world is not all of one piece, and every piece with the same needs at the same time? It may be true that the Roman world, at the beginning of our era, or Leo the Tenth's Court, at the time of the Reformation, or French society in the eighteenth century, needed fire and strength even

more than sweetness and light; but can it be said that the Barbarians who overran the empire, needed fire and strength even more than sweetness and light; or that the Puritans needed them more, or that Mr. Murphy, the Birmingham lecturer, or that the Rev. W. Cattle (for so, I am told, we ought to call him, and not Cassel), and his friends, need them more?

The Puritan's great danger is that he imagines himself in possession of a rule telling him the *unum necessarium*, or one thing needful, remains satisfied with a very crude conception of what this rule really is, and what it tells him, thinks he has now knowledge, and henceforth needs only to act, and in this dangerous state of assurance and self-satisfaction, proceeds to give full swing to a number of the instincts of his ordinary self. Some of the instincts of his ordinary self he has, by the help of his rule of life, conquered; but others which he has not conquered by this help he is so far from perceiving to need conquering, and to be instincts of an inferior self, that he even fancies it to be his right and duty, in virtue of having conquered a limited part of himself, to give unchecked swing to the remainder. He is, I say, a victim of Hebraism, of the tendency to cultivate strictness of conscience rather than spontaneity of consciousness. And what he wants is a larger conception of human nature, showing him the number of other points at which his nature must come to its best, besides the points which he himself knows and thinks of. There is no *unum necessarium*, or one thing needful, which can free human nature from the obligation of trying to come to its best at all these points, and the real *unum necessarium* is to come there. Instead of our "one thing needful," justifying in us vulgarity, hideousness, ignorance, violence, our vulgarity, hideousness, ignorance, violence, are really so many touchstones which try our one thing needful, and which prove that in the state, at any rate, in which we ourselves have it, it is not all we want. And as the force which encourages us to stand staunch and fast by the rule and ground we have is Hebraism, so the force which encourages us to go back upon this rule, and to try the very ground on which we appear to stand, is Hellenism—a turn for giving our consciousness free play and enlarging its range. And what I say is, not that Hellenism is always for everybody more wanted than Hebraism, but that for the Rev. W. Cattle at this particular moment, and for the great majority of us his fellow-countrymen, it is more wanted.

Nothing is more striking than to observe in how many ways a limited conception of human nature, the notion of a one thing needful, a one side in us to be made uppermost, the disregard of a full and harmonious development of ourselves, tells injuriously on our thinking and acting. In the first place, our hold upon the rule or standard to which we look for our one thing needful, tends to become less and less near and vital, our conception of it more and more mechanical, and unlike the thing itself as it was conceived in the mind where it originated. The dealings of Puritanism with the writings of St. Paul afford a noteworthy illustra-

tion of this. Nowhere so much as in the writings of St. Paul, and in that great apostle's greatest work, the Epistle to the Romans, has Puritanism found what seemed to furnish it with the one thing needful, and to give it what it deemed canons of truth absolute and final. Now all writings, as has been already said, even the most precious writings and the most fruitful, must inevitably from the very nature of things be but contributions to human thought and human development, which extend wider than they do; and indeed, St. Paul, in the very Epistle of which we are speaking, shows, when he asks, "Who hath known the mind of the Lord?"—who hath known, that is, the true and divine order of things in its entirety—shows that he himself acknowledges this fully. And we have already pointed out in an Epistle of St. Paul a great and vital idea of the human spirit—the idea of the immortality of the soul—transcending and spreading beyond, so to speak, the expositor's power to give it adequate definition and expression. But quite distinct from the question whether St. Paul's expression, or any man's expression, can be a perfect and final expression of truth, comes the question whether we rightly seize and understand his expression as it exists. Now, perfectly to seize another man's meaning, as it stood in his own mind, is not easy; especially when the man is separated from us by such differences of race, training, time, and circumstance as St. Paul. But there are degrees of nearness in getting at a man's meaning; and though we cannot arrive quite at what St. Paul had in his mind, yet we may come near it. And who, that comes thus near it, must not feel how terms which St. Paul employs in trying to follow, with his analysis of such profound power and originality, some of the most delicate, intricate, obscure, and contradictory workings and states of the human spirit, are detached and employed by Puritanism not in the connected and passing way in which St. Paul employs them, and for which alone words are really meant, but in an isolated, fixed, mechanical way, as if they were talismans, and how all trace and sense of St. Paul's true movement of ideas, and sustained masterly analysis, is thus lost? Who, I say, that has watched Puritanism, the force which so strongly Hebraises, which so takes St. Paul's writings as something absolute and final containing the one thing needful, handle such terms as *grace*, *faith*, *election*, *righteousness*, but must feel not only that these terms have for the mind of Puritanism a sense false and misleading, but also that this sense is the most monstrous and grotesque caricature of the sense of St. Paul, and that his true meaning is by these worshippers of his words altogether lost?

Or to take another eminent example, in which not Puritanism only, but one may say the whole religious world, by their mechanical use of St. Paul's writings, can be shown to miss or change his real meaning. The whole religious world, one may say, use now the word *resurrection*—a word which is so often in their thoughts and on their lips, and which they find so often in St. Paul's writings,

—in one sense only. They use it to mean a rising again after the physical death of the body. Now it is quite true that St. Paul speaks of resurrection in this sense, that he tries to describe and explain it, and that he condemns those who doubt and deny it. But it is true, also, that in nine cases out of ten where St. Paul thinks and speaks of resurrection, he thinks and speaks of it in a sense different from this; in the sense of a rising to a new life before the physical death of the body, and not after it. The idea on which we have already touched, the profound idea of being baptized into the death of the great exemplar of self-conquest and self-annulment, of repeating in our own person, by virtue of identification with our exemplar, his course of self-conquest and self-annulment, and of thus coming, within the limits of our present life, to a new life, in which, as in the death going before it, we are identified with our exemplar—this is the fruitful and original conception of being *risen with Christ* which possesses the mind of St. Paul, and this the central point round which, with such incomparable emotion and eloquence, all his teaching moves. For him, the life after our physical death is really in the main but a consequence and continuation of the inexhaustible energy of the new life thus originated on this side the grave. This grand Pauline idea of Christian resurrection is worthily rehearsed in one of the noblest collects of the Prayer-Book, and is destined, no doubt, to fill a more and more important place in the Christianity of the future; but almost as signal as is the essentialness of this characteristic idea in St. Paul's teaching, is the completeness with which the worshippers of St. Paul's words, as an absolute final expression of saving truth, have lost it, and have substituted for the apostle's living and near conception of a resurrection now, their mechanical and remote conception of a resurrection hereafter.

In short, so fatal is the notion of possessing, even in the most precious words or standards, the one thing needful, of having in them, once for all, a full and sufficient measure of light to guide us, and of there being no duty left for us except to make our practice square exactly with them—so fatal, I say, is this notion to the right knowledge and comprehension of the very words or standards we thus adopt, and to such strange distortions and perversions of them does it inevitably lead, that whenever we hear that commonplace which Hebraism, if we venture to inquire what a man knows, is so apt to bring out against us in disparagement of what we call culture, and in praise of a man's sticking to the one thing needful—*he knows*, says Hebraism, *his Bible!*—whenever we hear this said, we may, without any elaborate defence of culture, content ourselves with answering simply: "No man, who knows nothing else, knows even his Bible."

Having undertaken to recommend culture, the endeavour to follow those instincts which carry us towards knowing things as they really are, towards a full harmonious development of our human nature, and

finding this recommendation questioned and spoken against, I have been obliged to show, at more length than I wished or intended, what are the instincts which seem to make us rather disregard seeing things as they are, and to carry us towards a partial, though powerful, development of our human nature. I have tried to point out that many of us have long followed this second set of instincts too exclusively, and how the time is come to give a more free play to the other set. The test of the insufficiency of the second set by themselves is the number of points in which, professing generally to pursue perfection, they have, after a long ascendancy, left our nature imperfect, and the faulty action, and faulty conception of our rule of action, in which, professing to regard action as all in all, and to have a sure rule of action, they have landed us. In all directions our habitual courses of action seem to be losing efficaciousness, credit, and control, both with others and even with ourselves; we see threatenings of confusion, and we want a clue to some firm order and authority. This we can only get by going back upon the actual instincts and forces which rule our life, getting behind them, seeing them as they really are, connecting them with other instincts and forces, and enlarging our whole view and rule of life. Once more, and for the last time, I must return to the subject, to try and show, in conclusion, how we are to do this.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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